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Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art

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BONUS: SONG OF THE WHIP
As it slices soft flesh—see page 32

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MAN'S ADVENTURE



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ORDER FORM NOW

by ROBERT TURNER

DARKNESS didn't ease the heat any. It seemed to get heavier, thicker. Toward midnight the overgrown brick john they called the Hoke County jail was like a bake oven. Nobody in the long basement cell block was talking. We just sprawled on the hard bunks, writhing in our own sweat and listening to the sounds from the Super's office upstairs. Waiting.

It had been almost an hour now since Vagner,

the Super, had sent the night crew home. It was almost time. You could tell by the noises upstairs. There was the sound of a woman's shrill, drunken laughter, the scrape of a chair across the floor. They were pretty near primed, up there.

"Kilroy," I whispered across the cell's sticky blackness, "I wonder what this one'll be like. Remember the last one, Kilroy, the silver blonde? Man, those legs, those long, long legs! Remember?"

He didn't answer.

(Continued on page 12)

The warden's sex-starved nympho played right into his plan!

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A TOAST to JOAN



JOAN



TOAST to JOAN

(Continued)

Originally from New York, Joan
now lives in Hollywood, where
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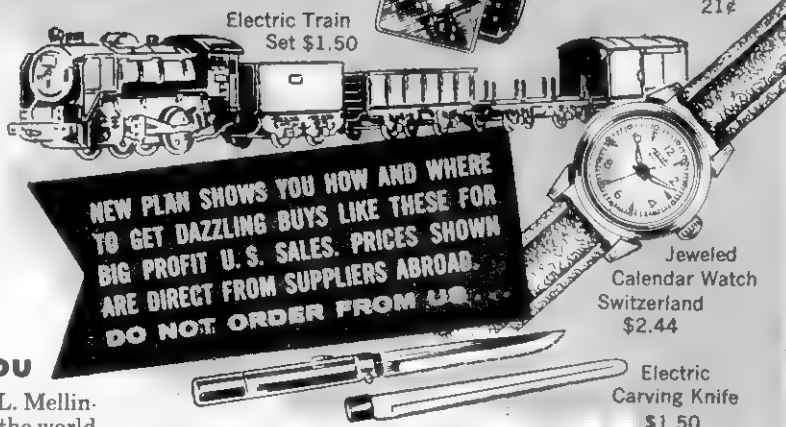
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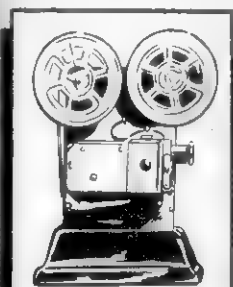
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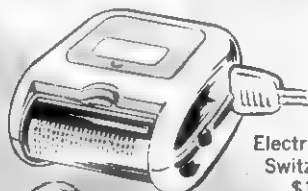
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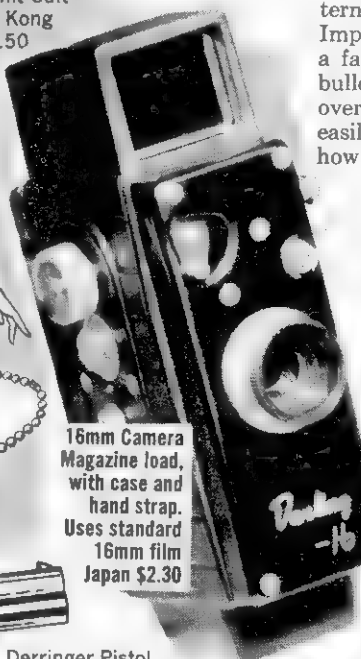
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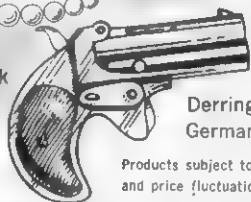
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DRUNKEN WOMAN

"I forgot," I said. "I forgot you didn't look. How can you stand it?" A match flared up over the other bunk. A cigarette tip glowed. The match, still flaming, arched toward me and I twitched against the wall to get out of its way as it fell on my bunk and went out. I brushed it off to the floor, feeling the still hot tip against the back of my hand.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. "You flipped or something? No kiddin', Kilroy, I think your top's blown. Why don't you cut that stuff out?"

He still didn't say anything and I lay there, thinking about him. Nobody knew whether his name was really Kilroy or not. Nobody cared. They just wondered He was in the can for breaking up a cathouse in Badger Falls. It seemed he was oiled to the wig and went into this toll house and got himself a girl and then beat the hell out of her and wrecked the joint good before the cops got there and dragged him away. When they took him out, he kept screaming over and over: "Tell 'em Kilroy was here!"

They thought he was ripe for the fruit factory until they gave him some tests. He turned out to be saner than the cops. He had no identification on him, had no record and insisted that his name was Kilroy, so that was the way they'd booked him. He told them breaking up can factories was what he did for kicks when he got greased. He'd done it 14 or 15 times before he finally got caught and juggled.

We didn't get any of this from Kilroy, himself. He never spoke to anybody, hardly, about anything. Vagner, the Super told us when he brought him in the first day. Vagner thought Kilroy was pretty cute. Until the next Saturday when Vagner bought one of Mammy Lou's girls downstairs and Kilroy didn't even get off his cot and go to the cell gate to watch Vagner hadn't liked that. It sort of spoiled his fun that night.

Brother, did Vagner fix Kilroy for that. He gave him the business, especially when Kilroy wouldn't answer Vagner's questions about why he didn't react like everybody else. Kilroy got The Hole for 52 hours. He couldn't stand up when they took him out but he wasn't broken. When he recovered from that Vagner gave him the fire-hose and that didn't work either. He couldn't even make Kilroy whim-

per. Even forcing Kilroy to dig through the manure pile with his bare hands in search of a supposedly hidden gun didn't get to the guy. Vagner tried a lot of other tricks but finally had to give up, after the first month. He just ignored Kilroy after that. But the way the skinny, bald-headed guy with the big frog-like eyes looked at Vagner, we didn't think Kilroy would ever forget those things.

None of us liked Kilroy. How can you like a guy you don't know, you can't even talk to? But we sure respected him. Sometimes I could get a few words out of him and even when I couldn't, I'd go right on talking to him. You had to talk, even if it was only to yourself.

Suddenly a mewling, sniffing sound came from cell six. The Little White Flower was crying again. He'd been crying a lot, lately, getting on everybody's nerves. Most of the time nobody knew why. But we knew why, tonight. Vagner had put Little White Flower in Collino's cell this week. Collino was big as a Turk wrestler. Later, when Vagner brought the dame down here to the cell block and Collino had to watch, he'd go crazy, really burst, and he'd give Little White Flower a ragged time. The albino knew that was coming because Vagner never picked the man who was in with Little White Flower at these times. Vagner figured that guy was taken care of good enough where he was.

I began to tremble and sweat began to roll on me as I wondered which cell Vagner would choose tonight. I hoped it would be ours, yet at the same time I knew it wouldn't be, because of Kilroy. He wouldn't even look at the dame, so naturally he wouldn't fight for her. Hatred for that silent, bald-headed creep wrenched at me. I thought I'd get rid of a little of it and maybe needle Kilroy into giving me a break, tonight, if the chance came.

"You know why you hate whores?" I asked him. Only I wasn't really asking him. "Because you're no good, that's why. You're like Vagner. He got kicked in the gonowus by a flipped fish, that's what's the matter with him, that's why he has to get his, second hand, through us guys. What happened to you, Kilroy? Why are you that way? There ain't any other reason for a guy to hate 'em bad enough he don't want 'em even to get rid of the squirrels."

It didn't work. Kilroy just sucked deep on his butt, dully lighting the gaunt, knobby structure of his face. Then he flipped the lit butt at me. I knocked it sparking to the floor. I laughed. Down in cell six Little White Flower's whiney voice whispered: "Please, Albo, please baby!"

I said: "The albino's trying to fix it so Collino'll be disinterested, later." There was the sound of a heavy slap and then muted sobbing.

"I guess he didn't make it," I said. "Sometimes I feel sorry for The Flower. It's guys like Vagner that hate guys like the albino worst. Jesus, what torture he's put that kid through. Little White Flower will come back and kill Vagner after he gets out of here. He's said so and I believe him."

That got a rise out of Kilroy. In his flat, emotionless voice he answered: "A lot of guys have said that. Every one in here, every one's ever been here. Nobody ever has Nobody will."

"No," I said, grinning crazily into the darkness because I'd gotten him to speak. "How could they? This place is Vagner's world. He likes it here. He never leaves for nothing. Not nothing. So how could any fish get past the gate guard, back in here to knock him off? You're right."

Only how can a guy live like that, month in, month out, inside the walls, in that bedroom behind his office, never see any—

"How can a louse crawl through an armpit?" Kilroy stopped me.

WE were both quiet for a minute and I suddenly realized the sounds upstairs in Vagner's office had stopped. There were 65 guys in the lone basement cell block of this tenth rate little county coop and every mother-moochin' one of them realized that the silence up there meant that it was time. You could hear them all springing from their bunks at the same time I did. You could hear the rattle of the cell doors as they grabbed the bars, pressed against them.

The door at the end of the block clanged open and the overhead light in the alley between cell rows snicked on. We heard the girl giggle, drunkenly, give a little gasp and complain to Vagner about the heat down here.

I tried to press right through the bars, my face aching with the pressure, straining to get a look at Vagner and the girl at the other end. I saw them then, saw Vagner, short, big-bellied and bull-shouldered, his small, bullet-shaped head sitting almost ridiculously, without any neck, right on his shoulders. His small, bunched up features were more bloated and purplish from bourbon than usual. And I saw the girl he'd brought with him.

My heart was suddenly in my mouth and in my ears and in my eyes all at the same time, beating as though my head would burst and for a moment after that first look, I couldn't see or hear or anything. I was just a throbbing mass of blood-gorged meat. Then that all dulled enough so that I could see and hear again and taste, but I didn't go away altogether.

This one was a redhead and she was short and at the edge of being

(Continued on page 71)



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, *HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH*, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 223-K, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

DID YOU KNOW?

METERED LOVE

Under-the-balcony evening serenades



must last no longer than one hour, says the Mexican Government.

STAR BOARDER

In Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, jailers kept a special eye on robbery convict, Arthur Lariviere, who won bookings with a circus as a result of a stunt escape from the Sault Ste. Marie jail.

THE INNER VOICE

A woman who stole \$28 from the cash register of a store in Charleston, West Virginia, returned the money in a few days with a note explaining the theft had made her "a nervous wreck."

SHE ASKED FOR IT

A would-be Tennessee inventor wrote to her Representative asking him to "please go down to the Patent Office and get me a list of things that haven't been invented. Send me the answers by return mail as I am anxious to get to work."

POCKET VETO

In Jackson, Mississippi, as a bill to clamp down on professional shoplifters was in transit between the House and the Senate, someone made off with it.

WHAT THE SIGN SAID

In Newington, Connecticut, William Monnier, twenty-two, drove his car through the front window of the Sesame Drive-In Restaurant, walked a wavy line to the kitchen, and fixed himself an early morning snack.

THE OUTLAW

In Cleveland, Ernest Denardy, whose driver's license was suspended in January, was back in court—for jay-walking.

ELEMENTARY

In Brooklyn, a suspicious housewife discovered uncooked rice on the floor of her husband's automobile, dragged

him into court, where he was indicted for bigamy.

MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER

In Fresno, California, Mrs. Lillian Dennis, mother of six, explained to police that she taught her ten-year-old son to steal money for everyday needs



because if she did it herself, she might end up in jail, and there would be no one to look after the children.

LOCAL CUSTOMS

In Duncan, Oklahoma, a reporter, stopping people on the street to see how many could name at least one of the first ten Amendments to the Constitution, was told by one woman: "I really wouldn't know. I just moved to Duncan recently."

GARDEN VIEW

Simon Pinder of Portishead, England requested a lower tax assessment on his property, which is near a navy school, because his wife "cannot sit in the



garden without provoking numerous wolf whistles and peculiar looks."

PLAN AHEAD

Shabbily dressed Major Williams was arrested in Kansas City, Missouri for routine questioning. He then admitted that he had committed three recent holdups, and insisted that his goal was a new suit so that he could look presentable and people would not "suspect me right away" when he robbed a bank.

PEEL SHARP, DRIVE SHARP

Despite his plea that there was no law against it, a New Jerseyite was ticketed

for careless driving after cops caught him driving with the wheel in one hand, a razor in the other, and blobs of lather on his face.

SCREENING PROCESS

Cynthia Corraditti, twenty-three years old, was arrested in Dayton for bigamy after being married to seven men since her thirteenth birthday, the last two marriages without benefit of divorce. She gave as her explanation: "It was hard to find a guy I could trust."

ROVING ASSIGNMENT

In Salt Lake City, convicts publishing the Utah state prison newspaper, abruptly changed the masthead listing of escaped Editor Quay Kilburn from "Editor-in Chief" to "Editor at Large."

JUDAS

In Bangor, Maine, Judge James A. Mooney praised the eleventh of eleven drunks, after ten won suspended sentences by promising to get jobs picking blueberries, for pointing out that the berry-picking season was over.

ACHILLES WRIST

The city magistrate court of Amsterdam, England was forced to adjourn temporarily when Court Clerk A. Ferguson got writer's cramp.

PRO

Matti Ralvio was found guilty of stealing \$193 from a liquor store in Patterson, New Jersey despite his explanation to the court: "As a man trained as a saboteur and a spy, I would not commit such a childish type of crime."

PRO VS. AMATEUR

In Norfolk, Massachusetts, two lifers on the state prison debating team continued a three-year undefeated record against such opponents as Oxford, Cambridge, M.I.T. and Harvard—when they took the affirmative on the question, "Bank Robbing Is Too Easy."



The debating team of McGill University was quickly defeated.

Profits That Lie Hidden in America's Mountain of Broken Electrical Appliances

By J. M. Smith, President, National Radio Institute



And I mean profits for you — no matter who you are, where you live, or what you are doing now. Do you realize that there are over 400 million electrical appliances in the homes of America today? So it's no wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making \$3 to \$5 an hour — in spare time or full time! I'd like to send you a free book telling how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.



THE COMING OF THE AUTO created a multi-million dollar service industry, the auto repair business. Now the same thing is happening in the electrical appliance field. But with this important difference: anybody with a few simple tools can get started in appliance repair work. No big investment or expensive equipment is needed.

The appliance repair business is booming — because the sale of appliances is booming. One thing naturally follows the other. In addition to the 400,000,000 appliances already sold, this year alone will see sales of 76 million new appliances. For example, 4,750,000 new coffee makers, almost 2,000,000 new room air conditioners, 1,425,000 new clothes dryers. A nice steady income awaits the man who can service appliances like these. And I want to tell you why that man can be you — even if you don't know a volt from an ampere now.

A Few Examples of What I Mean

Now here's a report from Earl Reid, of Thompson, Ohio: "In one month I took in approximately \$648 of which \$510 was clear. I work only part time." And, to take a big jump out in California, here's one from

J. G. Stinson, of Long Beach: "I have opened up a small repair shop. At present I am operating the shop on a spare time basis — but the way business is growing it will be a very short time before I will devote my full time to it."

Don't worry about how little you may now know about repair work. What John D. Pettis, of Bradley, Illinois wrote to me is this: "I had practically no knowledge if any kind of repair work. Now I am busy almost all my spare time and my day off — and have more and more repair work coming in all along. I have my shop in my basement."

We Tell You Everything You Need to Know

If you'd like to get started in this fascinating, profitable, rapidly growing field — let us give you the home training you need. Here's an excellent opportunity to build up "a business of your own" without big investment — open up an appliance repair shop, become independent. Or you may prefer to keep your present job, turn your spare time into extra money.

You can handle this work anywhere — in a corner of your basement or garage, even

on your kitchen table. No technical experience, or higher education is necessary. We'll train you at home, in your spare time, using methods proven successful for over 45 years. We start from scratch — tell you in plain English, and show you in clear pictures — everything you need to know. And, you will be glad to know, your training will cost you less than 20¢ a day.

FREE BOOK and Sample Lesson

I think that our 24-page Free Book will open your eyes to a whole world of new opportunities and how you can "cash in" on America's "Electrical Appliance Boom." I'll also send you a Free Sample Lesson. It shows how simple and clearly illustrated our instruction is — how it can quickly prepare you for a profitable future in this big field. Just mail coupon, letter, or postcard to me: Mr. J. M. Smith, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 718-114, Washington 18, D.C. (No obligation, of course — and no salesman will call on you.)

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN with this APPLIANCE TESTER

— Yours at No Extra Charge

Your NRI Course comes complete with all the parts to assemble a sturdy, portable Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. Easy-to-follow manual tells how to assemble and use the Tester right away. Locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a jiffy; find defects in house wiring, measure electricity used by appliances; many other uses.

With this Tester you save time and make money by doing jobs quicker, making sure appliances operate correctly after repairs.



MAIL THIS FOR FREE BOOK and SAMPLE LESSON

Mr. J. M. Smith, President
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
Dept. 718-114, Washington 18, D.C.

Tell me how I can "cash in" on the "Electrical Appliance Boom." Send me your illustrated FREE BOOK that outlines the whole NRI Course, tells what opportunities are open to me, answers my questions, describes success of other students, and much more. Also send me the FREE SAMPLE LESSON so I can see how clear and easy your instructions are. I am particularly interested in:

- ☐ Spare Time Earnings ☐ Business of My Own ☐ Better Job
I understand there is no obligation on my part; and no salesman will call on me.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

.....



***They waited for me to expire
so they could give my body
to the priestess of the dead!***

turn page ►

She looked at me with utter disgust.
"Only after you are dead," she sneered
at me, "can we ever really be lovers!"

She Loved A Rotting CORPSE



I GUESS I CAME out of my long spell of unconsciousness very slowly, my brain fumbling through a shadowy world of recently implanted fears. I was fighting for my life . . . swimming . . . cursing . . . and fighting again. . . .

I began to open and shut my eyes. My first glimpses of my surroundings seemed like part of the fantasies that had crowded my mind. I stared dazedly at this beautiful nude native girl as she sat close to me, motionless in this dimly lit hut. I slowly turned my aching eyes and grimly focussed them again — this time on another young girl, an African beauty if ever there was one.

With a fixed expression she stared past me. I saw the perfectly shaped naked body, lovely breasts, hips and thighs. Her skin was oiled and her hair done up in a top knot. I looked again and then tiredly closed my throbbing eyelids.

Something was wrong. I just had to rest to figure it out.


I kept my eyes closed, deliberately building up strength in my exhausted body, trying to think logically, attempting to

(Continued on page 40)

The devilish lust that showed openly in Hala's eyes gave me a tiny flicker of hope, until she said, "Your flesh is still too strong. I will wait. Soon you will be quite cold and then your soul will know how well I can make it warm."



You go to see the women.
But you can't have a real
show without a fellow to
make the performance go!



True Story Of A Thousand “ SEX

ANONYMOUS

IT'S A GREAT life to look back on. Troubles there were, and plenty. But who remembers them. For if I had to pay a high price for the deal, I still lived the kind of life a hundred million guys can only dream about. Women? All I could handle — and sometimes more. Every size and shape. Some of the dames were downright dogs — I admit it. But there were others, so beautiful it near takes my breath away to recall them. Like the dwarf in the story said on his wedding night — Women — acres and acres of them — and all mine!”

You go to see the women.
But you can't have a real
show without a fellow to
make the performance go!

True Story Of The Lover Of A Thousand Women

"I MAKE SEX MOVIES"

ANONYMOUS

IT'S A GREAT life to look back on. Troubles there were, and plenty. But who remembers them. For if I had to pay a high price for the deal, I still lived the kind of life a hundred million guys can only dream about. Women? All I could handle — and sometimes more. Every size and shape. Some of the dames were downright dogs — I admit it. But there were others, so beautiful it near takes my breath away to recall them. Like the dwarf in the story said on his wedding night — Women — acres and acres of them — and all mine!

I wasn't exactly a kid when I got started in the game. I was over twenty-five at the time — so I can hardly claim that I didn't know exactly what I was doing. I thought of myself as an actor back in those days. Five years between Broadway and Hollywood had gotten me two stage walk on bits and a half a dozen extra shots in the movies. A more accurate description of my status would have been "Unemployed."

There was this dame I was living with. Cute as a button and with a figure — mama mia! Like me she thought of herself as dedicated to the stage. But even a starlet has

(Continued on page 64)

The Lover Of Women MAKE MOVIES"

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(Continued on page 64)





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CAPTAIN HORU MITSOYAMA was a bitter man. For eleven years a member of the 24th Imperial Military Police Battalion, he had never seen one hour's combat. Manchuria, China, the Philippine campaign, Java, and New Guinea had come and gone. And all the while the good Captain had sat comfortably in the rear, strutting pompously among the host of conquered peoples—doing absolutely nothing.

His family had seen to that. For Captain Mitsoyama was not only noble, but on his grandmother's side, quite influential. Now it is not that Mitsoyama lacked courage or desire—or that his grandmother was less inspired with the spirit of Bushido than the rest of the Japanese nobility. Far from it. Rather, it was the failing common to influential and important people the whole world over. The family felt that any kind of "ordinary" service was too menial and unimportant for such as they. No common, field duty was good enough for their darling offspring. The only job fit for a man like him

was quite obviously on the "staff" of some important general.

Horu didn't like that at all. Normally sane, ambitious, and envious of the medals and reputation of the fighting troops, he tried in every way that he could to get himself a combat assignment.

Horu had his general's sympathy and understanding. Grandmother had the confidence and the ear of the Imperial Palace. Result—despite every effort of Horu, his general and his friends, the Captain stayed where he was. If it was medals the dear boy wanted, why he got medals. Somehow, Horu was decorated for every campaign within a thousand miles of his barracks. If it was promotions, why he moved from the most junior lieutenant to Captain as if it were the easiest matter in the world. But mud—blood—sweat and discomfort—absolutely forbidden. And that's exactly the way it was—until. . . .

February 5th, 1943. Word arrived in Headquarters, New Guinea com-

(Continued on page 68)

by EUBANK R. CRAIGIE

**It should have been a simple trip through the jungle,
but one moment of blind panic turned the entire hike
into an orgy of slaughter!**

DEATH MARCH IN NEW GUINEA

LEGAL TENDER



Honolulu born Susan Mint loves to dine on Chinese food. And what's more, she can cook it too, just the way you like it!

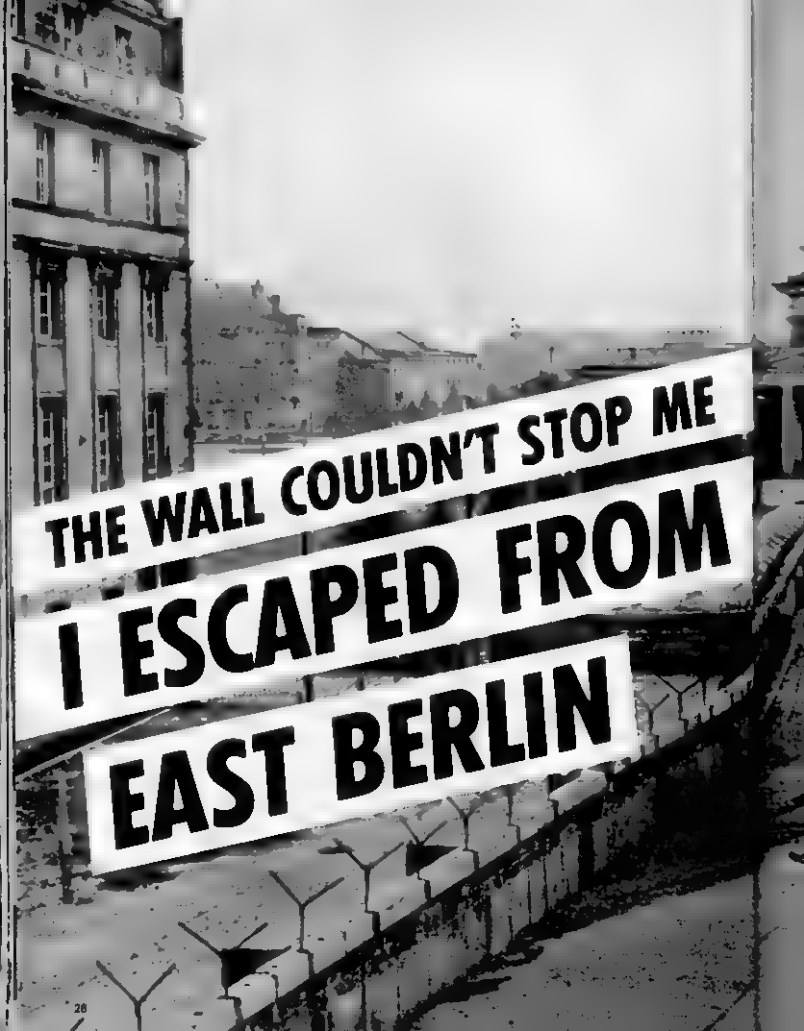


LEGAL TENDER



**Dark-haired, dark-eyed Susan
wants to be a dance teacher.
Her qualifications include a
36-24-35 inch creamy figure!**





**THE WALL COULDN'T STOP ME
I ESCAPED FROM
EAST BERLIN**

Stretching mile after mile across the center of the city, the wall marks out the prison of East Berlin. After weeks of helping to build this desecration, Heinz Wühlhorn used his knowledge to help him get out of jail.

**As I crept through the dark,
I could feel myself begin to
tremble. There was no turning
back. If I were discovered
now, death would be certain!**

by HEINZ WAHLHORN

THAT A WALL IS a prison's greatest weakness is an old, old truism. Maybe it seems peculiar to state it so bluntly, but it's a fact. For you see, the very presence of a wall gives a false sense of security to the guards. They wouldn't be human if they didn't come to depend on the wall's very impregnability. And that's a mistake. Prisoners are human beings. Walls are inanimate objects. And in any contest between a person and a thing, man has got to come out on top.

My mistake was to have stayed in East Berlin so long. Why did I do it? I don't know. Call it foolish sentimentality if you wish. Or maybe it was sheer stubbornness. I was born in that section of the city. So was my father before me, his father, and his before him. It was my city, my home and I was damned if anyone was going to take it away from me. My grandfather and my mother had died in that section, one under the bombings, my mother as a result of atrocities during the Russian capture of the city. My father—who knows what became of him. He never returned from the war.

My elder sister reared me. Then when she married and moved away, I was left by myself. I got a job, in the western sector. But I still lived in my old house. And I had no intention of leaving.

Things weren't too bad. I had little interest in politics. I was young. I had enough to feed myself, to enjoy myself, and to more than pay the taxes and special fines necessary to maintain my pass to the Western zone.

Friends warned me that there might be trouble. I ignored them. And then one day, just like that, it happened. The city was cut in half. It was like a prison. There was the wall. It was the end. My friends, those who had warned me, were gone—in West Berlin, the sensible ones—in prison camps, those who had talked too loudly.

So now I had to make a choice. Would I shrug my shoulders sadly, give up and take all that was thrown at me, or would I fight back. I decided on the latter.

(Continued on page 59)



When a vice cop turns crooked, no man can ever be safe!

HOW YOU CAN BE SET UP FOR BLACKMAIL

price tag ranging from a possible six-month to 20-year jail sentence or the alternate; a shakedown and cash payoff to us!

Sound cruel, cold, sadistic? It is. And after seven years of watching the type of frameup operation and pure blackmail common to the vice squad here (and I'm as guilty as anyone), I'm getting out. I have another job lined up and my wife is home packing right now. The standard of living for the two of us is going to suffer; in these years as a vice cop I've always been able to knock down an amount equal to my official salary in bribes, gifts, and shakedowns. With pensions and taxes and other deductions, that check came to about \$175 every payday, every two weeks. Not very much for a guy who's protecting the community's morals. But that's not the reason I'm quitting. Despite that lower standard of living, I might be able to look at my wife, as I did before I joined the vice squad, and know that she's proud of her husband.

That's why I'm blowing the whistle on these vice squad rackets. Maybe if the innocent guy out for a good time is wised up to the danger of falling into a pre-set group of circumstances and the subsequent penalties, some of these frames and shakedowns will disappear and the vice squads can go back to being healthy, useful units of the police department instead of a group of men many times guilty of nearly every crime they're supposed to prevent.

The incident that bothers me the most, and the one that finally caused me to resign, took place several months ago. I was working with my assigned partner, a 27-year-old named George S. (None of these names are real, they can't be. The penalty for letting this type of information out of our "select" circle ranks second only to underworld revenge.) We were working the main train station in town. I was seated in the car outside the front door of the train depot and George was inside on the prowl for just about anything. He found it. She was about 23, red-haired, wide-eyed, and sitting alone on a bench, surrounded by a few pieces of shoddy canvas luggage.

George is a good-looking guy, built like an ex-college football player, which he was several years back. When he smiled at the girl and started talking to her, she responded immediately. He found out that she was alone and scared, that she'd just come in from Nashville and was trying to locate some relatives in the suburbs but couldn't seem to find them. George also learned that she was broke and had nowhere to stay for the night. He was friendly and helpful, and finally offered to take her to dinner and then help her to locate the missing relatives.

When the two of them came out of the station and took a cab, I followed. He took her to dinner near the station and after she had eaten he began his pitch. I know that pitch. I've worked with him before.

"Y'know, honey, I was just thinking," he started, "I don't get away from home very much. I'm married but my wife and I don't get along—even sleep in different beds. I'm sure lonely." He paused to let that sink in and then continued, "I'd give anything, even \$100, for a nice gal—a gal like you to spend the night with me. It's a real shame. I've got the money and it's doing me no good. What I need is affection."

What the girl needed was the money. Faced with that, George's good looks and boyish appeal, and not knowing when, if ever, she'd find her relatives, the Southern Belle looked ■ (Continued on page 44)

"All this fellow had to do was make the girl smile and she'd be his for the evening. 'Housewife' and she's ready to pound the officer. Only a good payoff will keep him out of jail. A male cop is always nearby."

ANONYMOUS

I'M A vice cop. I've been one for seven years. In that time I've learned that if you talk to a stranger in a public place, get a little loaded in a bar, accept a ride from somebody "going your way," get a hot number lined up, or, in general, go out looking for a slightly illegal good time, chances are one in five that before it's over you're going to be the victim of a vice rap. Sometimes it's a real charge, sometimes, when you leave yourself wide open, we just go ahead and manufacture it!

There's plenty of real vice in the city where I work: prostitution, gambling, adultery, bookmaking, homosexuals, child molesters, rapists, hypes, the complete code book rundown. And each crime has ■ own

ET
AIL

The eyes of von Arzingen glistened with excitement. A new girl had been brought to the castle. How new, how fast, how





LORD OF THE WHIP

by REINHARDT VOGELMANN

THE COUNT AND Countess von Arzingen sat quietly in the great hall of their castle in East Prussia and waited. Though the silence was almost oppressive in its totality, one could almost feel the suppressed excitement in the air. Their eyes were literally riveted on the great oak doors of the room as they hardly breathed in anticipation of the violent action that was to come.

The year was 1822. And the great event to which they were looking forward with such jubilation was nothing more or less than murder!

Only a few hours earlier they had been informed that a young girl, a stranger in the district, traveling alone, was about to pass through their territory. Riders had been sent out to intercept her carriage and now the evil pair were waiting for the bewildered unfortunate to be brought in. It couldn't be long now.

The minutes dragged on. And then, suddenly, the quiet was broken by the crashing of horses hooves in the courtyard below. There were muffled shouts, a half-stifled moan, some rough curses.

The count rose to his feet and strode to the door. "Hurry," he called out curtly. "Bring her up here. Smartly now. Move."

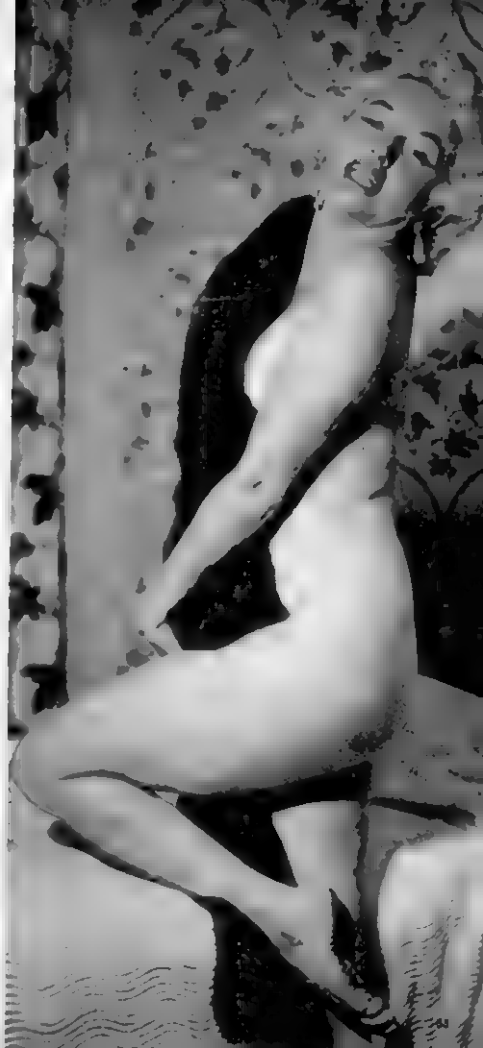
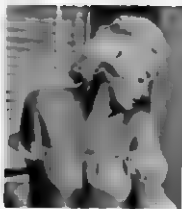
The tramp of footsteps came nearer and then they were in the room, two men, both masked each holding one of the arms of the terrified girl. They half dragged her across the floor as she stumbled, blind with terror, until they reached the farther wall. Then, reaching up, they grasped the slippery rope that dangled from a great iron rung and securely lashed her arms. As they stepped back, the girl stood helplessly, her arms over her head. She looked piteously about her, then, noticing the countess for the first time, (Continued on page 56)





DIXIE

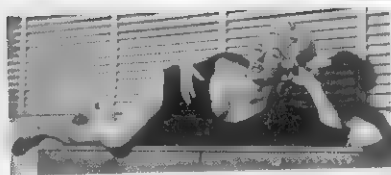
Dixie Evans, one-time
extra in the movies,
wows them as dancer!











DIXIE

Just 5' 5" tall, 117 lb.


Dixie measures 37-25-38!







She thought she had intelligence completely fooled, but while she danced in the nude and used her body as a lure for anyone with military secrets, a web of death was being carefully spun about her.



Young flying officers were always welcome in her room. She saw to it that every one of them got all the love they could possibly want, while she carefully laid out all the military information in their conversations.

THE NAKED SPY OF PARIS

by JAMES FINNEGAN

C'est une femme formidable et diabolique.
The Frenchman brought his heavily-fleshed fingers up to his thick, sensuous lips and stifled the sybaritic belch he had been working on. The belch was certainly worthy of the rich food, the wine, and the drink that he had been pouring down his gullet the last few hours of this evening in 1903.

From under heavy lids he looked around the room. Richly furnished, heavily tapestried; dimly lighted, the air heavy with the smell of burning-incense.

An Oriental gong sounded. Like his compatriots sitting around the room, the Frenchmen turned his eyes to the curtains that parted. A tall slim girl, wrapped in the folds of silks of the mysterious East, stepped bare-footed through the curtains.

This was "Lady" Gresha McLeod.

"As a child," she began, kneeling before the incense burner, "my life, my mind, my body, were dedicated to service of the terrible God, Siva."

Then this mysterious girl went on to tell, in her full-throated, sensual voice, how her early youth had been spent in the religious temples of the East in slavish dancing to the Javanese Gods. And how the rest of her life would have been given up to this slavery if it hadn't been for the handsome English officer who had rescued her when she was fourteen, carried her off, married her, and brought her to Europe.

Her recital over, "Lady" Gresha McLeod straightened her supple body and let her modest Oriental silks slide to the floor. There was a gasp that echoed throughout the room. She was completely nude, from her eyeballs to her toe nails, except for two brass cups that covered her breasts.

Slowly, sinuously, like a snake, this ivory-skinned maiden went into her dance. Her body shook and weaved, it twisted and

(Continued on page 52)

LOVED A ROTTING CORPSE (Continued from page 19)

recall events. I wanted to get a grip on reality.

But instincts are sometimes stronger than any method of rationalisation, and a sense of horror took over and made me open my eyes again. I peered through slitted eyes at the naked girl sitting opposite me, now again that fixed cold stare.

Then it hit me. The two girls were dead.

I looked wildly around the hut and noticed without any actual thought that it was African construction and I had seen examples of this Tomko thatch before. I pushed up to my feet and lurched blindly towards a current of fresh air.

I needed that badly for my returning senses had begun to notice the odor of death in the hut. Lovely and oiled as they were, the smell of the grave was on those two nude girls.

There was no way out of the hut. That I discovered fast. I was locked in I peered through a crack in the cane structure and saw the pure moonlight night beyond and also the silhouette of an African village. I shouted once or twice, my voice hoarse, my throat still painfully swollen. Not even a dog barked in reply and I turned to look at my dead companions. A sort of horrible fascination led me closer to them. I crouched down and slowly touched the soft smooth flesh of one girl. She was cold, but not yet rigid and I wondered why. I wondered how long she had been dead and why she had died, for there was no sign of a wound or any wasting disease. On the contrary, the girl seemed a healthy, matured specimen of about fifteen years. She had a body any man would have desired.

I slid my hands over her rounded stomach, with some sort of inner disgust, and yet there was this ghastly fascination. I bent closer to her. The soft mouth seemed inviting even in death—and then I looked into her eyes and shock knocked me back.

Death and the grave, the awesome world about which we know nothing, was all I saw in those lifeless black eyes. This was not a living creature. The body was soft, pliable and even inviting but that was all. Again I wondered why, and it struck me that the dead girls were here for some special reason and the bodies had evidently been treated with some unknown African brew to ward off the inevitable rigor mortis and final process of decay.

I located the door and shook it. I wanted out. But the damned structure was pretty solid. Shouting was too painful. My throat was still sore with the effects of sea water; I had swallowed gallons of it.

It was easier to sit down, conserve my strength and think bitterly about the past events. . . .

I had been resting about an hour in the silent hut when I realized the sky was lighter outside and there were sounds of activity in the village. Then the death house door was rattled and finally it opened.

Framed in the doorway was a lovely girl, nude except for a bikini-like garment which was tight enough to be a second skin. She was shapely, beautiful by any standard, her black hair done in a top knot. She was tall, mature with a hint of intelligence in those black eyes. I stood up and she walked past me and gave a little gasp of astonishment. She turned to address the two big loin-clothed native men who followed her into the hut. They were holding a third man.

One glance at this limp body, stark naked, and I knew he was dead.

The girl spoke again to her followers. She seemed to command obedience, a strange factor for me to encounter in Africa where women are usually subservient.

It was fortunate I caught on to her dialect. It was the sing-song Kradoo—or a variation of it.

"The white man is alive," she said.

One of the native men let the dead man and folded his arms menacingly. His voice was angry.

"He will have to die. We thought he was dead when we found him."

"He will die," said the girl. "Then I will possess him. He will be mine. I will have this one—and may be last longer than our own kind."

She looked bleakly at me. It was an expression that showed no interest in me as a man. The dead naked body was lowered gently to the floor opposite to the two girls. I stung a glance, realised once again the corpse was healthy looking, oiled, with no sign of wastage or death by accident.

Then I spoke to the girl in her dialect. "I do not want to die. I have fought the waves to live."

There was mockery on her brown face. "You do not interest me—alive."

Seeing the futility of speech, I tried to reach the door. At the start of my dash one of the native men whipped out an ornamental dagger.

While I was kept at bay, the other tribesman lay beside one of the dead girls and began to fondle her and make love to the lifeless but still pliable flesh. His mouth dribbled and his eyes rolled with perverted frenzy.

The lovely nude tribal girl was equally a necrophile, for I watched in hideous fascination as she offered herself to the dead man they had just brought in. Her supple body writhed and rubbed against the

corpse. She did not kiss the cold eye-staring body, but rubbed noses with horrible sensuality, and locked her arms around the corpse. She moaned sadly and I gathered that this was some ritualistic message to the dead.

I guess the other man had intended to indulge in his worship of the dead, with an orgy with the other dead nude girl, but I was not dead, as they had evidently expected, but very much alive and he had to guard me while his companion and the girl took their grisly pleasures.

For some crazy reason I remembered all the pattern of events leading to this grim situation. . . .

WAS THE second mate on the

Indian-owned freighter Bascuan, trading down the east coast of Africa, calling at ports from Dar es Salaam to Durban. We took cheap imported goods down to Durban and the Cape and brought raw materials back.

We had an Indian crew, very good hard-working little men, with British engineer officers and a Scots skipper. I was the only American, not that my nationality worried anybody. But two of the crew hated my guts from the start. I had had trouble with these men the day they signed on. One was the bosun and the other the carpenter. They were white South Africans and real buddies but so far as I was concerned they spent too much time drinking and too little on their work.

It's queer the way men take to hating each other. Maybe it started when I made some caustic remarks to Delaney, the bosun, about the state of his store.

"When the hell are you going to get these ropes sorted out, Delaney. And what about those cans of paint?"

"I've been for'ard-on the winch hawser, Mister Hanson."

Every word was a damned sneer. I felt like putting my fist into his wretched face.

It was the same with Brandon, the carpenter. I would find him in the bosun's store, usually as high as hell.

"You've got a store of your own," I would tell him. "And plenty to do by the looks of it. What about that stanchion on the bridge deck?"

"We got another day, Master Hanson."

Nothing too bad about these incidents but they sparked off the enmity that existed between myself and these two men. I remember we reached Mombasa on day, that Kenya port where the Kilindini railroad terminates, and we were there two days loading up. Delaney and Brandon were missing most of the time, evidently dodging off over the side of the ship when no one was looking. I went to look for them late on the second day I figured I would find them drinking

somewhere or in some low brothel. I did not bother the skipper about these trouble-makers and, anyway, my knowledge of African dialects was a great help in asking questions in native dives.

That was May 8, 1960. I know the sailing time.

Brandon and Delaney were drunk as hell when I located them in an Indian drinking den and both of them were being entertained by shapely Indian girls who were perched, practically naked, on the knees of my two malingers. My appearance was not welcomed but I had a job to do. I had to get Delaney and Brandon back on board ship. I could see they did not give a damn whether they deserted ship or not.

I argued with them; tried to persuade them. They jeered me from the start.

"You've started something, Mister Hanson—now finish it!" This from Delaney who was proud of his muscles.

Completely enraged, I grabbed at Delaney with the intention of crashing his head against the nearest wall—a good way to deal with a drunk. I nearly made it when Brandon started on me with a roar. But they were drunk and I held my own even at two to one. I doubt I would have been able to march two hefty men back to the ship but for the assistance I got in the persons of three uniformed Kenya Police. They had been passing and heard the disturbance.

So we sailed on time—May 8, 1960—with two vicious men who hated my guts. And two days later, only a mile off the Tanganyika Territory coastline, I was at the rail near number one hatch, watching the luminous lights on the sea, feeling reflective because of the darkness and the cooling breeze going inshore.

I never heard Brandon and Delaney creep up behind me or I guess I might have beaten them to it. But it was those two, sure thing. To get to the point, the first thing that happened was a terrific blow on my head.

That nearly finished me. I can't remember now why it did not. I sank down to my knees as darkness rolled over my conscious thought. As I recall, I must have clung to my two attackers. Then a sickening, blurred awareness during which time I fought and fought. They had hauled me up and slung me halfway across the rail. With the fear of death on me, I clung to the rail, to my attackers, anything.

They won. No one came to my rescue; the silent scuffle went unnoticed in the dark. I last saw Delaney and Brandon leaning over me, triumphant expressions. I held onto the rail and they hammered at my hands. Then a boot thudded into my face. I felt blood trickle down my

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lips. Delaney pried my left hand away from the rail. I swung feebly at him. He thudded another blow between my eyes. Only my right hand held me from the drop into the dark sea below. Brandon's foot rammed under my chin and then, like a lever, pushed me slowly upwards.

The plunge into the sea was like a merciful release, until the water shocked me, and then I struck out fiercely knowing instinctively I had to get away from the pull of the ship's screw.

I bobbed up and down; saw the ship disappearing. I shouted but that was futile. Then I was alone.

I swam slowly at first knowing the foolishness of striking out in a furious attempt to reach the dark smudge that was the distant solidity of land. I wondered about the possibility of sharks. Some minutes later I realized I was in the grip of a strong current sweeping slowly inshore and yet moving almost parallel with the coastline. I decided to go with the current. I would float along, conserving my strength.

But after hours of this I got numb with the cold water and my lips and throat began to thicken under the endless duckings of brine. I struck out with some new vigor. I swam on and on through the night, blinded by salt, catching only fleeting glimpses of the low-lying shore.

Eventually I knew nothing except some fantasy about a man crawling out of the sea and drawing exhausted limbs up a sandy beach. That man must have been myself, but I cannot separate reality from nightmare. Except when I came to ■ that death hut and found myself among reality that was disgusting and dangerous.

AFTER SOME time the sickening performances by the necrophiles came to an end. The nude native girl, who one of the men called Hala, got up from her corpse and stood silently before me.

"Yes, you will die," she said softly. "But first you will be taken out of here. This Ma-Ba is just for our dead lovers. You will be brought back here when you are dead."

I flicked my eyes over that nude body, now warm with exertion. I looked ■ her perfectly formed, pendulous breasts and her soft copper-skinned belly.

"Why make love to a corpse?" I said boldly in her dialect. "I'll make love to you—and I'm alive and vigorous."

I felt vaguely sure there was a way of escape through Hala. If I could find out what made her tick.

I found out all right. I was taken to another native hut and my hands tied behind my back. All this at the point of a dagger. I was pushed down. For some time I was alone with Hala while she mixed some lousy brew in a clay pitcher. She

worked over a small fire, squatting close to me, her body glistening.

Then the hut door opened and three young women sidled gracefully into the place, their lithe naked bodies moving sinuously as they came close to me and stared down in complete silence. I thought they were naked but they had on this tight snakeskin bikini.

"He is mine," said Hala to the others.

"You are our High Priestess," was the reply as near as I can translate.

"I am preparing the potion that will kill him," continued Hala. "And another to keep his body from decay for a long time. I will go to him willingly when he is lifeless clay. I will love this dead man for a long time—that I swear by our Goddess and the everlasting dead."

My flesh began to creep. I had a hideous mental vision of myself in Hala's lustful arms, her warm lips searching for my cold mouth, my lifeless neck lolling against her smooth breast. With a curse, I struggled against my bonds, not that this was any good but it brought me up against reality and dispelled further nightmarish thoughts.

I had read about necrolatry, this disgusting desire to worship the dead and embrace a corpse, this horrible wanting to mix with the odor of death, but had given it no more thought. But this was Africa and it was happening to me. These natives evidently had their own variation of the cult, judging by the little I had seen so far.

The young women left and I was alone with Hala again. I made another attempt to reach any normality left in the girl.

"Hala, you are beautiful—let me touch you—careless you—hold you as a girl should be held by a lusty man! Don't you want to be loved by a living man?"

A flicker of doubt shone in her eyes. Then: "Aih! The dead need our love. The Gods say this and it is true. I must love you—when you are dead."

"Untie my hands," I urged. "I will kiss you as the white man kisses his bride."

"I know nothing of such things."

At the time I was more aware of the danger to my life than anything else, but looking back I see a certain amount of interest in the way Hala clung to her faith in her cult. The perversion evidently had an established ritual in the community, probably arising out of some ancient tradition. Based on this, the African girl had no disbelief. Although beautiful in body and face she was a product of the Dark Continent where disgusting rites are commonplace.

Hala worked slowly at her potion, typical of the slow tempo of an African's life. I tried my bonds for slackness. No dice. I contemplated

jumping to my feet and barging right through the cane and reed structure, but knew I would go no real distance before being stopped by a native with a knife. Then Hala rose gracefully, holding a wooden bowl. She set it on a ledge. "This will ensure death, white man." She picked up another bowl, set it beside the other. "You will drink this, too. It will keep you lithe although you are in the Forest of Death."

"Blast you!" I muttered. "I go to summon the other women. They must be here to see you drink."

Leaving me alone in that hut was where she made her mistake. The old gimmick of switching cups hit me at once. I got to my feet, stared desperately around. I saw the pitcher of water Hala had used. I turned my back to the wooden bowls; used my finger-tips to empty the potions on the floor. Then I moved over to the pitcher and, by some contortions, filled the bowls again with water. I looked a bit too clean. I scooped up some dust and sprinkled it into the water.

It was not like drinking Dutch Lager when, ten minutes later Hala had some twelve shapely native women staring dispassionately at me, but it was better than her devil's brew. I drank the dirty water hoping for a break somewhere along the line.

I figured one bowl had contained poison. So I had to act like I was dying. I gasped a little, choked. I hoped this was the right reaction. Then I slowly closed my eyes and feigned a stupor. Slowly I rolled face down because I figured it was possible I had the wrong facial twinges.

I heard a chorus of incantations. There were sounds of the women leaving. Then silence. I waited, breathing only slightly.

The act was wasted. I was alone. I looked around carefully, little realizing it would be hours before anyone returned. But that is the way it was. I spent many intolerable hours waiting, waiting, wondering if I was being watched and what would happen next.

Then sick and exhausted with the strain, I heard noises at the door—women's voices chanting softly. I went into my act of feigning death. I still clung desperately to my hunch that I would get a break.

The women carried me to the death house. I just lay limp, eyes shut. I was laid on the floor. I knew instinctively I was back in the death Ma-Ba. Slowly the women's voices faded away. But one person remained. I heard movements; guessed it was Hala.

I felt a knife slice through the bonds around my wrists. I lay limp as Hala turned me over. Then she began moaning some plaintive dirge and I felt her soft hands oil my body. My shirt was cut away.

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She began to fumble with the buckle of my belt. I opened one eye. She was busy, looking downwards. There was a madness on her lips as she prepared for her orgy with a dead man. She thought I was a corpse and she was willing to offer herself to the lifeless. She would give her warm young flesh to the dead, to the grave-bound and the odor of decay.

I had had enough. My hands were free—so I moved! Hala shrieked and I thrust a hand over her mouth. There must be no warning to the others. She struggled madly from the beginning, her warm naked body writhing against mine, her teeth biting my hand. She twisted, thrusting for the knife. I beat her to it. I grabbed the knife handle and she tried to hold my arm. I whipped my arm around and she fought fiendishly for the knife. Hala was completely a savage, using teeth and fingernails and kicking like hell.

I do not know how it happened. Somehow, in spite of everything, I didn't want to kill her but oil from my body and her furious struggling brought the knife swiftly down to

her belly. She jerked and the knife sliced in a wide arc, cutting deep into the brown skin, gutting her in fact.

Blood spurted over me. Hala splayed her hands over her belly and attempted to damn the flow of blood while her eyes rolled in pain and disbelief. I grabbed the knife again, thinking I might need it. I stumbled across two other corpses on my way to the door. I looked back. Hala was dying.

But none of the native necrophiles would make love to her for she had a horrible wound and after death rigor mortis was her lot. Poor Hala!

It was strangely easy to slip around the death hut and into the jungle. Unnoticed, I made off and two days later made contact with civilized natives who took me to a mission.

Weeks later I rejoined my ship at Beira. I made my statement to the police. Delaney was actually picked up at a Seaman's Hostel in Durban where he had signed off. Brandon disappeared entirely. Maybe he's somewhere in Africa now.

I hope the murderous swine meets up with some of Hala's pals!

SET UP FOR BLACKMAIL (Continued from page 31)

the table shyly, and finally said, "You've been very kind to me. If you really want to—but I'd better warn you first that I'm not very good." Then blushing deeply, "I've only done this once before—to a boy I was engaged to at home."

I tailed them to a middle class hotel, watched them register, and then sat in the lobby for a half hour with the evening paper. When I finished the sports section, I asked the clerk which room they were in, went upstairs and knocked on the door.

George opened it, said, "We got us a little Pro—imported from the Old South." He pointed to the girl who was sitting on the bed in her bra and panties. I told her that she was under arrest for prostitution. He opened her purse, took out the marked \$100 bill that he had given her earlier, and handed it to me as evidence. The serial number of that bill was written on a special slip of paper locked up in the squad room down at police headquarters.

When she realized what had happened, the girl went into hysterics. We sat down near the window and talked about baseball until she quieted down. Finally George said, "Honey, we don't have to run you in if you'll play ball with us." The girl dried her eyes but her chin was still quivering. "You're a cute little thing and you've got a lot of Southern charm if you know what I mean. Now suppose we get you an apartment and send our friends up. You keep half—we get half."

As far as I know she's still in partnership with George, and her relatives still don't know that she's in town. I couldn't take it, easy

money or not. I walked out on that one. I draw the line at pimping.

In legal terms, what we had set up was a combination of entrapment and blackmail. Entrapment is the planting of a criminal idea in a citizen's mind by an officer. It can be as innocent as a motorcycle cop exceeding the speed limit and encouraging you to do it so he can pull you over, or it can be as complicated as a morals charge. The difference lies in the publicity and the notoriety. Nearly everybody gets a traffic ticket sooner or later. But a vice squad arrest and a morals charge hanging over the average citizen's head will affect his job, his career, his home life, even his life-long friendships. Just the mention of newspaper reporters waiting for some hot sex news is enough to turn the average arrest pale. Enough to make him stutter, "Wh-what can we do fellas? Ca-can't we square this somehow? How-how about some money? . . . would that do it—money?"

It generally does. My first year on the vice squad I turned them down flat and even added attempted bribery to the original charge. My second year, I just turned them down. By the end of that year I was taking gifts; whiskey, clothes for my wife, theatre passes, and in one case, a refrigerator for our new apartment. I bought a new car and some new furniture, and my wants started to grow. By the fourth year I was as hungry as the old-timer, and went looking for the payoff. Along with the other vice cops I even had an unofficial scale of rates which ranged from \$50 for feeding a minor



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I learned the rest of the routines.

One of the biggest shakedown rackets in this city revolves around male homosexuals. The city has a lot of them but they travel in small crowds and a vice cop would have a tough time breaking into one of those groups. As a consequence, we developed a special technique for dealing with them: Although the city supplies us with cars; Fords, Chevs, Plymouths, they're too easy to spot. Instead, we use our own private cars when we're "cruising" for homos. I have a green Pontiac convertible and, on it, Illinois license plates which I lifted from a stolen car some time back when I was on Traffic. Although the final word of the law may frown on this switch, it's standard operating procedure here. With that car and dressed in sports clothes with my ID card hidden in my right sock in case I have to strip down, I can pass for a typical tourist out on the town.

The homos here, as in other cities, frequent certain bars and we know which ones. After closing hours I cruised the streets around those bars, driving slowly, looking over the individuals who were walking along. Within a matter of minutes I'd receive a small nod or a shy smile or some other form of invitation, would pull over to the curb with a cheery, "Hi! Can I give you a lift somewhere?" The homo generally climbed in and I set off asking, "Where can I drop you?" The response, generally, was, "I don't know. It's early and I feel like having some fun."

"Me too," I responded. "I've been away from home for two weeks now and I certainly miss that little wife of mine. She's a warm little number. The girls here don't seem very friendly." From there I would start to build the subject of sex and by the time I passed a pre-arranged corner where my partner was sitting in an official car, the pickup with me was just about ready to make a physical proposal. I'd lead him on, sometimes as far as a parking place in the hills or a motel, but as soon as he made his first overt move, we nailed him.

There are variations on the technique. We've done it with my partner or myself on the floor in the back seat instead of in another car. We've done it, dressed as college kids, standing at an abandoned street car or bus stop late at night and accepting a ride with an interested party. And, in more cases than I want to remember, we've arrested young guys who weren't really homos but who fell too far into our trap to get out.

Of all the crimes which come under vice squad jurisdiction, with the possible exception of child molestation, the stigma of homosexuality is the one feared most by the average guy we arrest. If we accused them of rape, they might willingly take their chances in a court-

room. But the charge of homosexuality, and the attendant publicity, is something no male wants on his face. Regardless of outcome, some shred of doubt always remains in the minds of family, friends, and co-workers. Because of this, homosexuals pay off, and pay off well.

"The queers deserve a good shakedown," just about sums up the unofficial vice squad attitude toward this group.

Another good source of shakedown income and important vice information is the professional prostitutes. But they're not easy to trap. They know the score.

About six months ago I had a tip that a pro was working one of our better restaurant-bars out in a swanky suburb. I put on my best suit, and dropped into that bar the next evening. Taking a small table at the rear of the room, I ordered an expensive dinner; lobster and the trimmings. It took me about three seconds to spot the girl; she was sitting at the bar and she had a pack of matches folded around the handle of her handbag—one of the "official" signals between pros so they won't work the same guy at the same time.

When my lobster arrived I told the waiter to send the girl a drink, with my compliments. When she served she turned around and thanked me, and from there, it was simple enough to wave her over to the table. In a few minutes she was seated next to me sipping on her drink and carefully taking in the suit, the lobster, and the over-sized tip I had out for the bartender. After a few introductory remarks she said, "What do you do for a living?"

"Nothing very exciting. I own a small factory outside of town. Government work, defense contracts, things like that."

Her interest widened. By the time she was on her third drink I had convinced her that I was lonely and that I'd give anything—up to \$50—for an hour with a friendly female. I pointed out that my conversation probably embarrassed her, but that if she knew where I might find a female of that type, I'd certainly appreciate it.

With a little hedging, she finally admitted that she was a professional, and asked if she would do.

Naturally, I acted delighted.

She suggested a small hotel on one of the hills and we took a cab there, my partner following us. I had my way with her, as they say in those old-fashioned novels, and then we made the pinch. The girl had two prior prostitution pickups and this one was a sure jail term so she was ready to wheel and deal on our terms. The deal, as it was finally set up, called for her to supply us with the names and operating places of five other call girls in town; any five. In return, we'd let her go. She gave us the information and the two of us made the front pages the next

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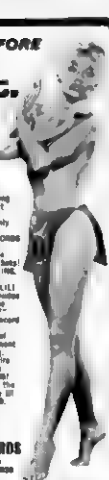
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day for "cracking" an organized prostitution ring.

However, a pickup doesn't have to be a pro to find herself in serious trouble with a vice cop. One of my partners attended a church dance one night, noticed a sexy young blonde who was wiggling a little too much for his comfort. "That one's looking for trouble," was his only comment. He danced with her for a while, finally talked her into going outside for a cigarette. They necked and he eventually made a serious pass at her. She turned him down, flat.

He arrested her for "offering," a crime in this and most other states, gave her the choice of coming through or being booked. She chose the former.

In the same way, the average guy on the street leaves himself wide open for blackmail, as well. Our vice squad has a number of female vice cops, some of them as sexy-looking as chorus girls. They work the bars, social events, sports, opening nights, big parties. And while they're working, they manage to lead quite a few guys astray.

One, I remember, used to dress in tight skirts and low cut blouses, shake her hair down in early movie star style. Sitting in bars she'd, sooner or later, strike up a conversation with a guy and when he made that inevitable pass—verbal or physical—she and the male officer who was always around, would make the arrest.

Another did a rushing business in movie houses. She'd spot a guy sitting alone and would move into his aisle. She made sure to smile prettily at him when he stood up to allow her the seat on his far side. Shortly after she was settled next to him her arm would creep close to his and the guy, spurred on by this activity, would put a tentative hand on her knee.

For him no more movie but a fast real-life trip to the police station or quiet payoff to the girl's male partner in the men's room.

Sometimes, the vice officer finds a real gold mine. Last year a youthful-looking cop was picked up and propositioned by the wife of one of our wealthy civic leaders. The payoff was enough to help retire the guy. Another vice cop I know accidentally found some pornographic films of a girl who is now a top movie "sex-dish." Through some contacts in Hollywood he offered to take the films out of circulation if she were willing to put some cash back in. She was. The one biggest payoff I know about was \$15,000; paid to a vice cop by an abortionist. Teaming up with an unmarried pregnant girl, the cop had her go through the entire abortion as evidence, then confronted the frightened doctor with the demand for that amount of money. He paid gladly.

The one primary rule for any

shakedown, however, is "never go back for seconds." The invitation to another payoff could be a setup with the Police Department internal affairs group waiting to trap the vice cop. The slogan is widespread and well-needed. It has even been scratched into the side of one of the metal lockers in the squad room.

Other than a setup, there are few ways in which this type of entrapment and, subsequent, blackmail can be traced or stopped. Although newspapers, television, newsmen, and other forms of public communication, use the word "allegedly" when they report the cause of arrest, the public at large is too willing to take the story for its sensational value and believe the worst about the individual who was arrested. Even in cases where the accused was proven completely innocent of the crime, that individual has had a difficult time living down the arrest. I know several so accused who were forced to move from this city, dozens who have changed their names and their jobs.

It's a two-part problem, common to any locality where a vice squad is active. Shakedowns will exist wherever there is fear and wherever an individual pulls out the wallet to try and buy off the complaint. Better salaries for the police might help some but there will always be a few badge-wearers who are on the job strictly for the fast buck and the easy shakedown.

Entrapment can only be beaten by the accused; by good attorneys who may, for a while, lose their cases, but who, eventually, will help to create a public and judicial awareness that entrapment does exist in the community. All victims of entrapment should insist upon a lie detector test for themselves and for the arresting officers. Although this evidence isn't admissible in some states, it's a step in the right direction to prove that the accused should actually be the accusers, that the real criminals, in many cases, are the representatives of the Law.

As I said, I'm through with it. I'm lucky that I know the schemes and methods of operation and I'm going to steer clear of any situation which begins to smell like it might turn into a vice squad trap.

About the only valid advice I can offer people who aren't in the know is to go slow whenever you're considering any action that runs afoul of our moral codes. That smiling blonde on the street, the friendly guy who talks baseball in a bar, could very well be setting you up for a one-way ride into a situation which can change and, very easily, ruin the rest of your life!

So buddy, watch out! ***

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knocked around considerably and already had established his own reputation as a rake. Thus began the fantastic career that took this little Dutch girl to a firing squad in France in 1917.

The fortyish Captain McLeod took his young bride to his station, Batavia, Java. They had one son, Norman, and a daughter, Jeanne-Louise. The marriage was soon marred by both tragedy and scandal. Tragically their son was poisoned by a servant who sought revenge against Captain McLeod for some discipline that he had visited on a native soldier. And scandal-wise, there was the matter of Mrs. McLeod's extra-curricular love affairs with young Army officers that were to set a pattern for the rest of her life.

The Captain and his wife had bitter quarrels over her love life. She later claimed that he beat her viciously.

Whatever the facts of the matter were, it is known that the McLeod family returned to Amsterdam in 1901 and that relations were strained between husband and wife. The marital ties were dissolved in fact, if not in name, the day Captain McLeod listened to his young daughter innocently describe accompanying her mother to a house of assignation where that lady met her various lovers in Amsterdam.

In an effort to smooth over the scandal, Adam Zelle financed his daughter's trip to Paris. There she first worked as an artist's model, and then graduated from that to performances as a dancer in private homes and arts salons, first doing her version of Salome's dance of the seven veils, and then switching to her phony version of the sacred temple dances of the Javanese which the Parisians went for hook, line, and sinker. Curiously enough, her biggest splash was made in the Guimet Museum, a scholarly repository of Oriental curios. One of the honored staff members of that museum actually unburdened himself of a long speech explaining the religious significance of the "Lady's" nude dance just before she went into her phony act.

Properly launched on her dancing career, Margaret Gertrude McLeod changed her name to Mata Hari, a name which can mean a lot of things in Malayan. It can be translated to mean *Eye of the Morning*. In local slang, however, it referred to an article available for hire, like a taxi or a beach chair.

Now known as Mata Hari, she got top dollar for performances in the Folies Bergere, Trocadero, the Marigny, the Theatre des Champs Elysees, in the salons of the Chilean minister, of the Princess Murat, the Prince del Drago, and on the stages of London, Rome, Vienna and Berlin.

One enigma, or perhaps we



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should say two enigmas, of the fantastic Mata Hari, were the brass cups that she wore over her breasts, the only items she wore when she danced in the nude. According to Mata Hari, she wore those brass cups because, she said, her former husband, Captain McLeod, had mutilated her in an exotic frenzy. This romantic version was stoutly denied by the good Captain.

An explanation, not so romantic as Mata Hari's story, nor so chivalrous as it might be, came from the artists who had painted her in the raw when she had been working as a model. According to these artists, Mata Hari had a beautiful body except for the thing that marred it, and about which she was very sensitive—her pendulous and ugly bust.

And yet, a French journalist, Louis Darnier, was moved to write that "... the little breasts were covered with chiseled brass cups, held in place by thin chains."

It was a matter of putting your money down and taking your choice.

And many of Europe's bon vivants did just that, laying their money on the line. For Mata Hari was one of the most hard-working courtesans the world has ever known. According to some of the hottest diaries, opened only to the privileged few, Mata Hari's going rate was in the neighborhood of \$350 for "un moment." When you stop to think what the dollar was worth in those days, you have to admit that Mata Hari was as profitable an operation as General Motors is today.

Mata Hari kept her nose to the grindstone. Not only did she solicit on her own, but she had female commission agents working for her, drumming up trade. Her customers included the cream of European society, judges, princes, industrialists, men high in government, and later on, when she was interested in digging out secret military information to be transmitted to the Germans, a heavy layering of generals and other military men.

Mata Hari, moreover, did not limit herself to working just one side of the road. She had an additional income on the side, coming in all the time from Abteilung III, the German Intelligence Service.

As early as 1904 Mata Hari had become a German spy. Her code letter of identification was H21. Proof of her early history as a German spy is indicated by this code number, for H was the letter given to German spies by their intelligence service prior to World War I and August 1, 1914. After that date, new secret agents were identified by the letters that indicated the country of their origin. For instance, a Belgian spy would have the letter B. A French spy would have the letter F. And so on. And in each case that code letter would be followed by a serial number.

In 1905, Mata Hari met the chief of the Berlin police, one Herr von Jagow, a very powerful figure in those pre-war days, when he came down to the music hall where she was putting on one of her nude performances. His excuse was that he had come to inspect her costume.

In 1910, Mata Hari was sent to Lorrach in Bavaria for training in the spy school there.

Just before World War I began, Mata Hari was in France. She closed her villa at Neuilly where she had been living as the mistress of a high German Army officer who passed himself off under an assumed name. His actual assignment was to supervise Mata Hari's espionage activities and their amorous relationship was only an added filip of convenience.

The time was July of 1914. As soon as Mata Hari reached Berlin she went into consultation with the heads of the German espionage service. And on July 28, 1914, the day World War I started, Mata Hari lunched at the Adlon in Berlin with the aforementioned Herr von Jagow, the chief of the Berlin police. Amazing coincidence, was the later comment of the British and French intelligence services.

At the beginning of 1915, the head of the German intelligence service gave Mata Hari 30,000 marks (about \$7500) and sent her back to France to gather what information of a military nature she could.

Mata Hari went to work immediately. She was no longer interested in top rates for her love. She was now for sale for information. She cultivated military men and men in high government office. Among her new lovers was a General Messimy of the French Army. Another was the permanent head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on whose official stationery she had the audacity to write her letters in code to Holland for transmittal to the espionage service in Berlin.

Another move was to visit several brothels frequented by French military men. She was seen there often by doctors on their regular tours of inspection, although none was sure if she were in the brothel as an employee or a client.

Mata Hari now became interested in the town of Vittel where the French were secretly constructing an air base. She went down to that area on the pretext of visiting the hospital to console one Captain Marov, a Russian officer who had been wounded and blinded in action. She soon got busy, however, forgot about Captain Marov, and spent her time opening relations with young French aviation officers and pumping them dry of whatever military secrets they possessed.

The Deuxieme Bureau in Paris was alerted by the British Military Intelligence Service which had begun to keep a file on Mata Hari, and it was determined to deport her.

When she was advised of this, she pretended outrage. She said she was loyal to France and she offered to work as an agent for France. She even supplied information to the French that enabled them to sink two German submarines off Morocco. The German high command figured this was a cheap price to get Mata Hari accepted by the French as the genuine article.

Mata Hari further pointed out to the French that she was on familiar terms with the Crown Prince of Germany, with the Duke of Brunswick, and with a German potato dealer by the name of Kraemer who was actually a recruiting agent for German spies. She offered to go to this Kraemer, get information from him, and forward it to Paris.

French military intelligence seemingly agreed to go along with her plan. They sent her on a phony mission to Belgium and gave her the names of six spies she was to contact. Five of the six spies were known to be German agents supplying false information to the French. They went unmolested by the Germans. The sixth spy, however, was the real thing, an espionage agent in the pay of the British. Following on Mata Hari's entry into Belgium with this information, the sixth spy was shot by the Germans. Draw your own conclusions. British and French military intelligence did.

The French were now ready to

lower the boom on Mata Hari. They sent her, with the connivance of the British, down to Madrid, where they had broken the German code. If Mata Hari was actually a German agent, they figured, they could find it out from the code messages going from Madrid to Berlin.

When she got to Madrid Mata Hari put up at the Palace Hotel and became the mistress of one Lt. von Kroon, the German naval attaché in Spain, and also the head of the German espionage system in Madrid.

Towards the end of December, 1916, von Kroon got a radiogram from the German HQ ordering Mata Hari back to Paris. The lieutenant sent a coded radio message to Amsterdam requesting that 15,000 pesetas be made available to H21 when she arrived in Paris. The monitor on the Eiffel Tower picked up this message, decoded it, and the French were only too happy to permit Mata Hari to reenter their country now that they had conclusive proof that she was a German agent.

Mata Hari was arrested in Paris on February 13, 1917. She was committed to cell number 12 in the prison at Saint-Lazare, tried by a military court, found guilty, and sentenced to die.

Her protests that the large amount of money she got from Ger-

man Army men—as high as \$7500—were fees paid to her for services rendered for amour rather than espionage, were looked on by the French Army glumly and skeptically. Thrifty by nature, the Frenchmen could not see any man paying that high a price for any woman no matter how many brass cups she wore.

Her seventy-five year old lawyer made a last minute plea that she could not be executed under French law because she was pregnant. He claimed to be the father. Since he got about only with the aid of a cane, the French snickered derisively. Mata Hari, herself, got a laugh out of the suggestion.

On Monday, October 15, 1917, Mata Hari was taken out at dawn and shot by a firing squad. One version has it that before she fell her last words were: "Ah! Ces français!"

But the story of Mata Hari did not end with her death. For the next morning, her grave was found opened and her body had disappeared. One version had it that the firing squad had its rifles loaded with blanks and that an old lover had rescued her.

Another version, less romantic, and probably true, had it that her body had been released to a medical college for dissection as a cadaver. Right to the bitter end, Mata Hari's body was earning its keep. ***

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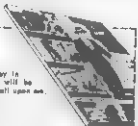
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to perform the necessary act of retribution. So the count did the job himself.

And by that one act, Albrecht came to know himself. The pleasure he got was ecstatic. It was like nothing he had known before.

From that point on, the young count began a new career, that of punishment and murder. It wasn't difficult. His power was too absolute. And there were always victims available.

At the age of 20, Albrecht married. It was as if fate had designed his mate for him. For Ermintrude, a sweet, luscious, innocent at her wedding, found in herself as deep a love for pain, torture and blood as her husband.

Within a week of their marriage, the new countess was permitted to beat to death her own first sacrifice. She found it "extraordinarily exhilarating." The words are her own.

More and more the two of them found a prelude of blood and screaming a necessity to their own passion. "Love without pain," the Countess stated, "is excessively boring."

In 1819 they discovered the writings of the Count de Sade, the prophet of pain then languishing in a French jail. They were entranced. In 1820 they made a trip to Paris in an effort to meet their idol. That they were unsuccessful hardly matters. For what they learned of perversity in Paris more than made the trip worthwhile for both of them.

In Paris they took part in at least two sadistic orgies. Full and foully complete versions of the events that took place there are described in all detail in the diaries of Ermintrude

Back in Germany in 1821, both were now discontented. They missed the action and variety of Parisian life. And their attempts to recapture some of the glamour were horrible failures.

Their behavior became more and more hysterical. The capture and killing of Lydia Simpson was only an early example. They had hoped by taking and using a totally unknown and guiltless individual to give themselves a newer and greater excitement. They enjoyed it, but it was over too quickly. And there were very few strangers traveling within reach in those days.

They themselves went to nearby cities and towns and openly recruited victims. At one point, Ermir trade records that they actually purchased from a man the right to murder his wife. The price paid? Ten marks of gold.

During the period from 1823 to 1827, they played a bit with some of the infernal torture machines that supposedly were designed to keep the victims alive and suffering for a longer period of time. But although these engines of terror undoubtedly

worked as advertised, the pair found them un-rewarding.

"A machine is too impersonal," Ermintrude complained. "One has the feeling of being a mere spectator at a theater rather than a participant and an active actor in the play of death. One needs to hold the tools in one's own hands, a knife, a cudgel, a hammer or a whip. And of all these, the whip is unquestionably the best. It sings so sweetly. It gives off a lullaby of love."

All in all, the diaries record that 319 persons were tortured and killed by the two von Arzingsens. And yet, in all the time right up to 1832, not a single attempt was made to bring either of them to justice. No complaints were made. There were no investigations. Even if there had been, in all probability the reaction against the French Revolution would have only drawn the entire nobility of the area to the defense of the two fiends.

On 1832, Albrecht died. From the description of his last moments, he seems to have succumbed to a stroke. His death took place during the murder of the 819th and last victim. Just as his whip cut into the flesh of a bound maidservant and as the jet of blood spurted out over his chest, Albrecht stumbled, gave a low grunt and tumbled to the floor. He lay there some minutes, unable to move his right arm or leg, or even to raise his head. He could speak only in a choked mutter. Then suddenly his body gave a huge convulsion. When his wife tried to rouse him again, she could find no sign of life.

Ermintrude outlived her husband by less than a year. She seems to have gone almost completely mad as a result of his death. The succeeding count, her 16-year-old son, tries everything to make his mother happy. But nothing could arouse her interest. Her diary consists of meaningless rambles — the work of an insane and helpless woman.

In November of 1832 she wandered out of the castle. Her family and their servants looked for her every where. When they discovered her twelve days later, she was already dead. And even her end was hellish. For she had died like her husband during the commission of a perverse act, indescribable outside of a medical journal.

Why the Von Artingen diaries were not destroyed no one can say. But they were locked up. Only the final destruction of the family and the castle, during World War I, brought the documents to light.

Perhaps it was only a deep and true justice that made it so. For it had not been for that accident, the crimes and horror of Albrecht and Ermintrude might have been undetected for eternity. It is only right that humanity know them for the fiends they truly were. ●●

ESCAPE FROM EAST BERLIN

(Continued from page 29)

Again let me say that my decision had nothing to do with politics. I just refused to let other men rule my life. Just as before I would not let myself be forced to move, so on that day of decision I refused to be forced into staying. Now they tell me that what I chose was in answer to the call of freedom. If that is what freedom is, so be it. That is my way.

Escape, I saw quickly, would be no easy matter. You cannot know what East Berlin is like. Everything is set and arranged for control. The city is filled with police, both secret and uniformed. Spies are everywhere. Even those who might wish to help you do not dare. No one can be trusted—no one at all. By law and by power, the communists may do as they like—arrest a man or shoot him down on the spot. No one questions the police.

The only safety is in obedience—only relief is in supine acceptance, absolute and unquestioning. Escape was impossible. For there was the wall.

Yes, there was the wall, mile after mile of it, running through the city, blocking off every avenue of escape. There was the wall, facing West Berlin and no one could cross over.

And I looked around me and I laughed. These Russian Communists, they had escaped from the prisons of the Czar. Hadn't they taught us that! And the German Reds, hadn't they escaped from Hitler's prisons. And Eisler, our so-called leader, hadn't he escaped from the Americans. If they could do it, so could I. It only needed thought—and time.

I bought that time. And, while I was about it, I bought a little freedom from suspicion, a suspicion that attached itself to everyone who had been employed in the west. I volunteered to help work on the wall—to build it.

They smiled at me for that and

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patted me on the back. They watched me too, of course, watched me like a hawk. I couldn't have made a break if I had wanted to, not with a tommy gun at my back. So I made a virtue of necessity and worked with such gusto, that finally even the sergeant of police complimented me on my energy.

That, I knew, could be useful. In a police state, a friendly glance from a sergeant is like an open sesame to life. To me it was especially useful. For I realized suddenly, in a great flash of inspiration, that while the front door was securely bolted, the back door was as wide open as the sky.

So one day, I turned at the end of the day, and approached the sergeant. He nodded to me with a half-interested smile.

I tried to look miserable. That wasn't hard to do. I sighed. He looked at me a little more sharply.

I gestured to the wall and said sadly, "The job is almost finished. Then I'll have no work. How will I get along."

His slight frown relaxed. "Don't worry," he answered. "The state will take care of you. I have a friend in the building commissariat. If you wish, I'll put in a good word for you. You're a good worker. I've watched you."

"I don't know," I told him. "I'll think about it. But I'm sick of troubles and problems. Anyway, I'm a metalworker by trade, not a builder. Perhaps I should go to Leipzig. My sister lives there. She has been wanting me to come and live with her for years. I don't know. I'll think about it."

He shrugged. "Leipzig, Berlin, it's all one. There is room for a good man in any city within the German Democratic Republic. You come and see me when you have decided. I'll do what I can."

Enough was enough. He had given me more than I could ever have expected. To hang around further would only be pressing my luck. I went back home to plan.

The sentence about Leipzig had been meaningless, but as I thought about it, I realized that here was my first step toward freedom. For I would be given travel permission, all essential in East Germany. Papers can be changed—or copied. Once out of Berlin, Leipzig could be changed to some border town—some town without a wall. Metalworker could be changed to farm worker—or carpenter, or mechanic. But I needed the papers themselves to begin with. This way I would get them.

I waited two days before committing myself. Then, on August 1, I presented myself at the police station, at a time I knew that the sergeant would be there, and applied for permission to move to Leipzig. Within an hour, permission had been granted. The travel permit,

complete with seal, plus the proper personal identification was in my hands. The go ahead signal had been given. From now on, it was up to me.

That afternoon I boarded the Leipzig train and left Berlin. I carefully made sure to take the local. For somewhere before reaching my destination, I had to find a way out. Once I reached Leipzig, my travel permit would be confiscated and I'd only be worse off than before.

As the train moved along, slowly, I was getting more and more afraid. I didn't know quite what to do—or even how to do it. I was certain that everyone in the compartment could read my thoughts. It seemed impossible that my face was not showing the furtiveness of guilt.

I WAS AT Wittenburg, a station about half-way between Berlin and Leipzig that I got the glimmering of a plan. When the train stopped, several of the passengers got out and went to the station food stand for some bread and beer. I wasn't hungry at the time. I suppose I was too nervous. And then, by the time the idea struck me, it was too late.

"Ach, fool that I am," I grumbled to no one in particular when the train was moving again. "Why didn't I join you for something to eat."

"Don't be so upset," an old man in the corner remarked. "There'll be a stop at Bitterfeld. It's not so far. You can get something there."

"Bitterfeld," I snorted. "Never heard of the town."

Someone laughed. "One station or another. What's the difference. All railroad stands are equally bad. You'll be poisoned no worse in Bitterfeld than in Wittenburg. Probably smaller poison since it's a smaller town."

The old man nodded. He's right you know. Take it easy. I'll only be a few minutes.

"I hope so," I said. "I'm starving."

At the station, I made a great show of eagerness, yet I managed to be clumsy enough, stumbling over boxes and baggage, to waste a minute or so, then dashed madly in the wrong direction, bumped into a trainman—asked directions, ran back again and took more time to find the food stand than any idiot could have spotted in a second.

Of course my delay had put a small crowd ahead of me. By the time I was served, and began leisurely to eat, the train whistled its readiness to depart. I took a few more bites of bread, then gulped some beer and started choking. By the time I had recovered and started to run out, it was too late. The train was moving along at a good speed. I had missed my train. I was now "stranded."

I explained my problem to the

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- The problem of masturbation
- Education for marriage
- Making a marriage successful
- The techniques of the sex act
- The prelude and love play
- External stimuli
- Erogenous zones
- The preferred positions
- The wife's responsibility for mutual success
- Variations to increase sexual enjoyment
- The climax
- The afterglow
- Sexual adjustment
- False modesty
- If there are mental conflicts
- Frigidity in a woman
- Restraint and inhibitions during the embrace
- Premature ejaculation
- What causes impotence and can it be cured
- Free expression of desire and love
- Sexual capacity and needs
- Sexual frequency
- Sexual maturity
- Methods of Birth Control
- The Attitudes of Religion and Society
- Rhythm Method, Mechanical Devices, Jellies, Pills, Meters
- Their relative value
- Is contraception harmful
- Conception and pregnancy
- How soon after conception can a woman tell if she is pregnant
- How does an embryo develop in the womb
- Miscarriage and abortion
- Sterility
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station guard, who told me I was a stupid owl, and an uncivilized lunatic. The next local would not come until the next day. I asked him if he couldn't bag down the midnight express. But he looked at me as if convinced that I was ready for the asylum and told me to get out of his sight. I complied. But instead of going back into the station to wait, I went out of the station. Since I had come from the station master's office, no one stopped me, especially since I had no baggage to mark me as a traveler.

The afternoons are long in August, but even so, they don't last forever. And to be out on the streets after nightfall would be inviting, at the very best, arrest. The police weren't stationmasters. They wouldn't be taken in by any wild story about missed trains. Travelers in East Germany don't miss trains—not if they want to stay healthy. Nor could I register at a hotel. To do so, I'd have had to show my papers and permit. The landlord would notify the police as a matter of course. A few minutes later—a half an hour later—the most-prison.

I walked the streets for a while, wondering what to do next, and then, just looking for a place to rest quietly, I dropped into a beer hall. A dumpy, washed-out, over-aged blonde, smiling at me from a corner table gave me my next idea. There was ONE place a man could stay without being police checked. I smiled at her and motioned. She came over to join me.

We drank and joked for a few minutes. She was easy to get along with. I knew her business and she thought she knew my purpose. "Would you like to get out of here and go someplace else?" she asked. I shrugged. "How much?" I grunted.

Her expression never changed. "A long visit or a short one," she countered.

"Who knows," I answered.

"Ten marks for an hour-fifty till morning."

"Fifty marks!" The price was outrageous and she knew it.

"Well forty then . . . and I'll give you a good breakfast," she added as she saw me still wavering.

"All right, forty then. Let's go."

"You won't be sorry," she said as we walked along toward her room. "I'll be good to you, real good. You'll see."

I laughed and squeezed her arm, then let my hand slide over her breast.

Up in her room she wasted no time at all. Motioning toward a bottle of wine on a small table, she left me to pour, while she immediately started slipping out of her clothing. In spite of myself, I couldn't help watching as she removed first her dress, then the flimsy bra covering her huge breasts,

then finally wriggling expertly out of a mishapen girdle that clung to big, fleshy thighs.

Had it been only a day since I'd left the luscious, sleek morsels of Berlin? From my reactions I'd have hardly thought so. I moved toward her, arms outstretched. She giggled as we half stumbled, half-fell on a large, unmade bed. The tangle of bedclothes engulfed us, but I never noticed. I was far too busy with matters at hand.

She may have been old, but quite evidently she'd learned by all her experience. She WAS good, as good as she'd claimed to be. Afterwards I told her so.

It was later on, well past midnight, after we'd both had more than our fill of love and wine, that I began to talk. I don't know why I did—perhaps I was a bit drunk.

"Dammit," I began, "I wish I could get out of this town."

She broke off in the middle of a giggle and looked at me hard. I got a sudden tightness in my stomach as she clipped out the single word "Why?"

I had started. Now I had to continue, whether I wanted to or not. And it had better be good. For I recollected that in East Germany, as in most of the world, at least half the prostitutes are police spies.

"I want better work—better pay," I mumbled, trying to sound unconcerned, careless and still drunk.

"I'm a metal worker. I hear there are many good jobs in Suhl. High-paying jobs. I'd give anything to go there. But one needs papers, permits. Those are not easy. But why must I stay here and rot for the rest of my lifetime?"

She was relaxing slightly. Perhaps I was on the right track. "A lot of people would like to travel," she said carefully, obviously choosing her words with thought. "But travel costs money and most of us are poor."

"I have money," I whispered.

"A good deal can be bought with money," she said softly, her eyes fastened on mine.

"How much?" I asked. And this time there was no doubt of my interest.

"A thousand marks?" she asked.

"And what would I get for that?"

She shrugged. "What you need. A permit. Perhaps a new identification—though that might cost a bit more."

"And you could get it."

"You have the money?" she asked bluntly. "Let's see it."

I reached for my coat and pulled out some bills. "Wait," I said. "How do I know you won't turn me in to the police?"

"Come with me if you wish," she said, reaching for her girdle. "And, oh yes, don't forget my forty marks."

An hour later I was standing in the back room of a small printing

shop watching with interest as my new papers were being turned out. The job was expert. I had no doubt that quite a few others had passed this route before me—to Suhl—Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden—to who knows where. Travel is a big business in East Germany.

Then, when they were finished, and I'd paid out my cash, I smiled at the old slattern. "It's a long time before morning," I laughed. "I still have something coming on my forty marks."

She threw back her head and roared with glee, then smacked me on the back. "You're absolutely right, you young lecher. Come on along. We'll finish our business in private."

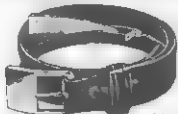
The trip to Suhl took almost an entire day. I had to make three changes of train. And this time, I had no intention of getting off the train too soon. Suhl is only twenty-five miles or so from free Germany.

THE OLD GREY town is a gloomy place, today, nothing like the splendid city that has lived since the middle ages as the center of Germany's iron and gun trade. They still make guns there today—for the Russians—but there's no joy there now. Many of the buildings have not been painted since before the war. It's grey—and gloomy—and dull.

I checked with the police. I didn't dare not. In fact, I was stopped as I left the train and directed exactly where to report. Then I was assigned a room and given directions as to the location of the labor office.

In the evening I wandered about the town, trying to get acquainted with my surroundings. I saw almost immediately that things would be much easier than I would have thought. For like most old towns that house only specialized industries, many of the workers lived in small surrounding villages, bicycling or taking the bus to and from work each day. A man, purposefully strolling out in town at evening's end of work would hardly be noticed. If one were to leave at eight—say after a supper in town—as many did—and walk at about four miles an hour, straight west, the border would be reached before two. True, one could not use the roads for more than an hour. To try to move more than two villages in a straight line would be to beg for questioning. Besides, in the tiny towns, a stranger would stand out. A cycle would be faster, but then where could one hide before dark, and at that time of the year, the sun does not set until near 10. No, walking would be best. I could walk to the first village, break my trip with a glass or two of beer and then set out for my "Home" in the village beyond. But before I reached it, I would leave the road and strike out across country, hiding in the

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huge searchlight playing along each side of its path. I lay flat—motionless, just inside the shelter of woodland and waited.

The vehicle passed by and disappeared, though I could still hear it. Carefully, I crawled forward.

I had covered maybe fifty yards—about halfway to the patrol road, when my hand touched something. I drew back. Then carefully approached. A wire, hair thin so as to be invisible stretched out about four inches from the ground. A booby-trap—an alarm wire certainly, possibly even attached to some booby trap. Anyone running—even walking across the open space would set off some alarm.

Painstakingly I stepped over it, feeling to make sure that some further trap did not exist. And it did. Just the other side, about one inch from the ground was a second wire, ready to trap anyone who unaware, missed the first one.

I continued to crawl. Then, when I reached the roadway, I moved along the very tracks of the patrol car for a hundred yards or so. If my tracks did show up, this might possibly confuse any followers for just a few minutes. That I felt was all I needed. The border must be close.

Falling to my belly again, I continued to crawl. Yard after yard. Ahead of me, the trees were getting closer and closer. Then, only perhaps two yards from the end, there was a sudden whistle. I threw myself to the ground, instinctively, and buried my head in the dust. Above me, a clap of thunder exploded. The ground around me seemed to thud. A mine. I'd caught

it somehow. By what miracle the shrapnel missed me, I'll never know.

All secrecy was over now. A silver blasted somewhere to my left. I heard shouts and the baying of dogs. I didn't wait. I jumped to my feet and ran—straight ahead.

Branches clawed at my face. I knew I was scratched, cut—bleeding. I didn't care. Maybe I'd die in the forest, but at least I'd die on my feet, moving toward freedom.

Five minutes passed—ten. My breath was coming in short labored gasps. I was tired. I could hardly move. The ground seemed to catch at my feet. I fell down, and lay there sobbing. There were voices coming toward me. I tried to crawl away, but a beam of light pinned me down.

"Guten Abend, mein herr. Welcome to West Germany."

I faintly.

I'm back in Berlin, now—West Berlin. It wasn't difficult. From the moment the border police picked me up—700 yards inside West Germany, I told everyone that my only desire was to go home—back home to Berlin. And that's where they sent me. Today I'm living not more than two miles from my former apartment. But what a two mile journey it was for me—a trip that took me almost three hundred miles. But it was worth it. I'm home now. And better than that, I'm free. Not Ulbricht, or Eisler, the Reds, or Willi Brandt, or Adenauer of the west can order me about. The devil take all politics. I'll do as I please. And why shouldn't I. I'm a born Berliner. And I'm free.

Thank God!

I MAKE SEX MOVIES (Continued from page 21)

to eat. This one supported herself by entertaining "clients" on the side. Oh well. As far as I could see, what she did for pay in the bright afternoons, she did with me for free in the long, moonlight nights. We were a fit pair. We got along well together.

Anyway, my little rent-sugar had a friend, a sort of AC-DC stripper, a bit haggish and over the hill, but plenty of meat and potatoes when it came to general joy. Every once in a while the three of us would get together for an evening of kicks, and after a few months we even got to the point of mutually trusting one another. So, when I happened to mention that cash was in low supply—and sugar chimed in to report that business had been on the cool side for the last couple of weeks, our girl friend suggested that maybe we'd

like to put our passion on film. She mentioned the price, a flat hundred bucks apiece a session, and suddenly both of us decided that we weren't the least bit bashful.

Next day our stripper was back with the suggestion that there was this producer who'd like to talk to us. She also mentioned in passing that the characters involved were not exactly the most gentle sort of playmates so that unless we were mighty certain that we wanted in, we'd be well advised to forget to keep the appointment.

Money, they say, talks. Lack of money talks even louder. So, come four o'clock that afternoon the three of us were walking casually in the park when along came a couple of guys to join us. After a bit of polite palaver, we got into our host's car, and while the stripper and one of

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the boys sat up front, Sugar and I climbed into the back seat with the producer. We drove around aimlessly and talked. But this time we talked business. We must have said the right things, because we were hired.

A couple of days later we had our first assignment. Besides sugar and me there were two other girls and another fellow involved. We had a wild time. It must have been a passable performance, because we were asked for some repeat jobs.

It wasn't too long afterwards when the producer inquired whether Sugar and I were a team, or whether I'd be interested in doing a single. I told him that while I loved my sweetie dearly, like any actor, my career came first. That was it. From that point on I had steady employment.

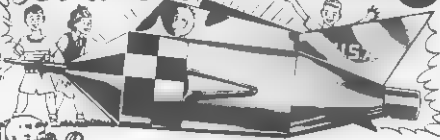
It's a funny thing about stag shows. Everyone is always talking about the poor, forlorn women who get caught up in the business. They get lots of publicity. Everywhere I turn I read another sob story about them. But people forget that for all the dames, there's got to be some guys to help out—except for an occasional off-beat reel. And finding the right fellows for that kind of an act isn't so easy. Most of you have seen a show or so in your lives. And you've got to admit that in most of them, the men weren't so good about taking full advantage of their opportunities.

It takes a fellow with a special talent to become a star in that line of work. And there aren't nearly enough of us around. Most producers try to fill out with amateur talent. And they find that it doesn't work so well. Sure—anything of that kind sells in this country—but the really good stuff, the kind that brings in high prices, the stuff that really coins the dough has full fledged pros at work, people who really know their jobs and are capable of doing them.

My own way of looking at it is that it's my profession and I mean to be good at it. By now, I've no particular feeling about sex, on any way or the other. I'm paid to perform well and like any businessman, I've got to do it right, the first time, with no mistakes. Love or passion for any woman is entirely beside the point. They are my leading ladies. I don't do the casting any more than any actor does. I work with anyone who's hired. That goes whether the girl is tall, short, fat or skinny, young or old. Some I liked. Some I despised. Some were first rate actresses, others were downright amateurs. It didn't matter to me in the least.

In fact, I rarely had the slightest idea, at the time I reported for work, whom I was to act with, or how. I showed up, went over the script with the director, discussed camera angles and lighting, and

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I went along with the gag.

I acted the part of the real gentlemen, taking her out a few times, but never making so much as a pass at her.

She may have been an innocent, but she was still curious. She asked me why. So I told her that while I understood that she'd been ready enough to play games for pay, I wasn't sure that she wouldn't feel insulted if it was just for me alone. She assured me that she'd be only too delighted. She remained my mistress for a month.

I usually found that acting in a courtly, gentlemanly fashion paid off well. On another occasion, I was paired with a matronly old gal who must have been about fifty. Off camera I put on the shy, polite, "yes ma'am-no ma'am" bit, though on film I was a passionate as all get out.

Afterwards she gave me a long lecture. It seemed that she'd been a prosie and a madame for twenty years or more and was touched by my "innocence." She was trying to show me the "pitfalls" in my way of life. When she asked me if money was the reason, I said, "Partly ma'am, but mostly it's the thrill of beauty. I so enjoy the lovely women I meet-like you."

She giggled like a schoolgirl at that. She took me home, bought me dinner and a few days later phoned me to say that she'd talked to a producer client of hers about me,

and that he was willing to give me a job. It wasn't a bad part, as it turned out, but it paid less than I was getting from the syndicate. He was an independent and so couldn't give me more than a one picture contract. Oh well, that's the breaks.

Speaking of the syndicate, of course the entire business was controlled. But personally, I went out of my way not to become involved. That was one aspect on which I had no curiosity. I asked no questions at all. I never tried to meet any of the higher ups. It was safer that way. I got my calls through any one of half a dozen agents. I reported for work where they told me to go. If someone unknown to me was present, I never asked to be introduced. We spoke to each other in first names only. Surnames were never volunteered. Often, it would be a brand new producer or director. That wasn't my business.

In fact, when I was finally arrested, I could honestly say that I knew nothing and no one who wasn't already in police files. I pleaded guilty, paid my fine and served my sentence without whimpering. Even here, I give no names, though everyone mentioned is known to the police, and many have served time for the very things I'm telling you. Still, why open old wounds.

Actually, that one, last time was my only arrest. And by that time, I was already getting a bit old for

the work. I was due to retire anyway and with three years behind bars behind me, it would have been fruitless to try to start over again. No man keeps his youthful energy forever. And by now, I simply couldn't keep up with a young girl anymore—not to the extent a camera demands.

And then too, with a record, I had to be careful. I still had more than a year to go on parole.

Of course, the theater is now closed to me. Nobody wants to hire a fellow with my kind of record. Especially since I'm no "name" actor to begin with. And TV, the one place where the small part actor can go for jobs is a stone wall. They have sponsors to worry about—and what sponsor could take a chance with a stag show pony. Someone would be certain to recognize me. What kind of ad would that be for a fine product?

Still, I've saved some money—though not as much as I should have. Some old friends managed to get me a legitimate job, unconnected in any way with the old profession. So I make out.

All I have left are my memories. But they're a lot of pleasure to think back on. I've had the best looking gals in the world as playmates—and more of them than even the wildest millionaire could dream about.

So—I'm happy. What more could any guy ask out of life.

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DEATH MARCH (Continued from page 23)

mand that the Infantry, overburdened with prisoners, was having difficulty in manning their POW stockades. "Would somebody" the message inquired, "please come and take these damned nuisances off their hands." Somebody would, GHQ decided. And, since this was hardly a matter for any higher headquarters to worry about, the good Commanding General thought that this might be a fine opportunity for young Captain Mitsuyama. At least the poor boy could get a look at the front lines.

So Captain Horu Mitsuyama and his entire company were dispatched in the general direction of the Owen Stanley mountains with orders to pick up seven hundred Yank and Aussie POWs, and march them through the jungle, back to the seacoast where they could be loaded aboard a troopship and be returned to the home islands. It was a fairly simple and straightforward assignment. There should be no difficulty at all.

Except that no one had realized that the good captain, an eleven year army veteran, was still for all practical purposes as green a commander as if he were the rawest recruit in the Japanese Army. And raw recruits, when faced with any slight emergency are quite likely to lose their heads and do silly, stupid things.

The trip was easy. It was so like a training exercise that Mitsuyama acted in a near perfect fashion. He reached the front, had an opportunity to actually see a few hours of light fighting—even permitting himself the luxury of firing his pistol in the general direction of the enemy.

Then, after a good dinner at regimental headquarters, a fine night's sleep and a more than adequate breakfast as the personal guest of the Colonel—he was no fool; he knew that grandmother's influence was great—the Captain picked up his prisoner's and began the week's route mark back toward the coast.

This was not simple, at least not for Horu Mitsuyama. True, he had five officers and one hundred and twenty armed men, while the seven hundred and twelve prisoner's were unarmed and helpless. Still, they were the enemy and Horu couldn't be sure. Perhaps they plotted secretly to overpower the Japanese and escape into the jungle. It was possible. A man only had to run fifty yards into the bush to disappear forever. And then, who knew—perhaps there were spies out there. Perhaps there were infiltrators. And when news of his men and mission reached them, an ambush would be a certainty.

The more Horu considered this possibility, the more it became highly probable. The more he thought about the probability, the more it

became an absolute fact.

Now as Horu had always been taught, when faced with a fact, it's essential for the good Japanese officer to take immediate counter action. And what could have been more of a fact than this.

Horu came to a decision. He would act immediately—well almost immediately. There was no use in being too hasty. In another hour there's be a lunch break. It would be time enough to act after he had dined.

So, following a comfortable meal, Horu called over his second-in-command—a lieutenant as inexperienced as Horu—and just as nervous.

"Lieutenant," announced Mitsuyama, "we are faced with a crisis. I have been informed that our prisoner's are planning a general escape attempt this afternoon. Their plan is to link up with a band of infiltrating Americans out there in the jungle and then, later tonight, they will ambush and attempt to annihilate us.

The lieutenant, unaware that this carefully worked out plan was entirely a figment of Horu's over-fertile imagination, stared at his captain in horror.

Horu continued. "Therefore we must impress on these damned prisoner's the futility of trifling with the Emperor's will. I suggest that a lesson in humility and discipline is in order. So let us carry it out, right now."

The lieutenant was respectful to such an obvious solution. "How do you plan to proceed, sir?" he asked.

"Very simply," said Mitsuyama. "We will simply pull out their leaders and destroy them. Without the leaders, the plot is sure to fail."

The lieutenant smiled with relief. "Certainly sir," he agreed. "It shall be as you say. But, sir," a troubled look came to his face, "who are the leaders?"

To Mitsuyama, born to the purple, the answer was simple and obvious. "The leaders," he announced, "are the men who lead. I have paid particular attention to the prisoner's all morning. Haven't you noticed that a few of them were always about, aiding their fellows, giving words of encouragement, helping those who seemed weak or unable to keep up, offering water to the thirsty?"

The lieutenant nodded.

"Well those," said Mitsuyama, "are the leaders. Come. We will pick them out of the ranks and perform justice. See that our men are informed and are ready. You and I will do the rest."

FIFTEEN MINUTES later the prisoner's were drawn up in ranks, under the aimed guns of the Japanese company. Mitsuyama and his lieutenant, with a guard of pick-

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ed men moved through the POW ranks and picked out seventeen men. These men were isolated placed under a very heavy guard, while Mitsuyama stood forth to make his announcement. With an interpreter by his side, to repeat his words to the ignorant, non-Jap speaking POWs, he shouted, "Your plots are useless. I am already aware of them. There is nothing you can do that is beyond our knowledge. To show you the futility of your escape plans, I have already, as you can see, isolated your leaders. Now they shall pay for your crime. I order you to watch closely. And remember, any future plotting on your part will be met with punishments equally severe."

He waved toward the guards. "Bring out the first man," he ordered.

One of the prisoners, a sergeant, was led out in front of Mitsuyama. While two of the guards forced him to his knees, Horu drew his sword and in one mighty blow, decapitated the helpless man. A shudder and a glow of horror ran through the POW ranks. But the Jap troops answered with a mighty shout, "Banzai!"

Horu was disappointed. It had been too fast. This was hardly punishment. Why the execution had only taken ten seconds. So, while his lieutenant was busy slicing off the head of a second man, Horu considered what further steps could be taken. And then, after several of the other officers had wetted their swords with enemy blood, Horu stepped forward again.

This time, when the guards were about to force the prisoner to his knees, Horu barked out the words, "No. Let him stand," and without further ado, he sliced out horizontally with his swords, opening up his man's gut from side to side.

The prisoner screamed as Horu stepped back smiling. The poor dying man doubled up, grabbing at his intestines which were spilling out on the ground. Slowly the man sank down, moans bubbling up through his now bleeding mouth. It took nearly ten minutes for him to die. This was certainly a lot more impressive. The POW's should definitely take such a mighty demonstration more to heart. And when the troops again raised their voices to shout "Banzai!" Horu shouted right along with them. He was happy now.

And so it went. Now that their captain had given an example, the other officers went to work with a will. In threes and fours the executions continued. Horu had two more chances, before they were finished. After all, while he could, legally, have done it all himself, he knew that a good officer is not selfish and shares his pleasures with his men. And Horu, as he screamed out "Banzai!" after "Banzai!" knew the ultimate in satisfaction.

That, bad as it was, should have been the end of it. But it wasn't. For, as any normally intelligent human being should have realized, no group of men is ever without leaders. Remove one set, and another instantly takes its place. It isn't plan. It's just human nature. And so, all through the afternoon's march, Horu was only too frighteningly aware that through the POW ranks, men were giving encouragement to the laggards, helping the weak, buoying up spirits, offering food and water to the hungry and the thirsty.

Horu had failed. Even worse, he had made a mistake. He had executed the wrong men. Perhaps he had delayed the escape a few hours, but since the leaders of the Yanks and Aussies were still living, the big ambush plot was certain to break out at any time.

Come dinner time, Horu decided to take further action. Perhaps a mistake had been made before, but that was certainly no reason not to finish the job now.

So, as soon as he had finished his evening meal, the grisly work began again. And this time Horu was hardly so generous as he had been. Twenty six executions were carried out before bedtime, each one more vicious than the next. And Horu, after he had placed his guards for the night and turned in, slept the sleep of a contented man. He had seen his duty clearly and he had done it.

In the morning—horror of horrors. Three men had made good their escape. It was awful. He had overlooked these three, obviously. And now they were surely making their way to join the infiltrators. The men would be ambushed that morning, without doubt. At the very least, he must make an effort to find out where, and by how many. The only ones who could possibly know were the POWs. He had to find a way to make them talk.

He tried hard, for an hour. He threatened. He fired his pistol into the ranks. He walked among the POWs, contemptuously, swinging his sword wildly. He executed men at random. He had several prisoners bayoneted in cold blood. He beat men. He crippled others. He even staked out one man for the jungle ants. It was no good. He got no answers. This wasn't surprising, since there were no answers to give.

At last, Horu gave up. He had to get moving. But at least he would stay alert. He posted guards carefully. He sent out scouts. He kept men out on his flanks. He forbade the prisoners to talk. He ordered that any man who stumbled or lagged should be cut down by sword or bayonet, immediately, without question or mercy. And the march began. They went as fast as they could, without stops or breaks. Until at last the luncheon break was forced by Horu's gnawing pangs of

hunger.

And during that break, as the prisoners—and the Japanese—were attending to the exacting wants of nature, five more POWs made a run for it. Two of them made it.

That broke it.

Horu panicked completely. Lining the men up, he selected every tenth man in the POW ranks and brutally cut them down. Sixty five men died there. All of them in agony.

It would take an entire book to catalogue that one week's march. Horu proved that brutality and horror feed on themselves. His panic, and his growing fear that he was making a complete fool of himself, turned him from a placid, unimaginative idiot into a total monster.

Executions now were the order of every day—every break—and even along the march. Let a man so much as sigh with pain or weariness—and Horu, certain that it was a slight on his honor or a laugh at his expense—was ready instantly to jump in, sword swinging.

Twice, his own men felt his anger. Each time, a man had laughed—actually at some small friendly joke. It didn't matter. Horu, sure that discipline was falling apart, had the men killed on the spot.

All in all more than six hundred men died on that march. A few, less than a dozen fell victim to accident or disease. The rest, including the two unfortunate Japanese soldiers, were killed by Horu and his officers. So, with five successful escapes, only 102 American and Australian prisoners arrived at the rear area headquarters to be shipped back to Japan.

To say that Horu Mitsuyama's commanding general was surprised, would be putting it mildly. In fact, he read Horu's report with absolute horror. It wasn't that he was in the least disturbed by the loss of six hundred and more enemy lives. That part was totally unimportant. If none of the POWs had lived through the ordeal, it would hardly have mattered. After all, a dead enemy was vastly preferable to a live one.

What was disturbing was the revelation of Horu Mitsuyama's total incapacity, his tendency to panic, his reckless actions without reason, and the fact that he misinterpreted everything around him. In short, his staff aide, was really a useless man. Luckily, no harm, no real harm had been done. But how could that be explained to a higher headquarters to whom Horu Mitsuyama was a darling, an object of protection.

The general acted as generals have acted since time immemorial. When faced with an unreportable fact, he promptly didn't report it. It was filed and forgotten.

The 102 surviving POWs were placed aboard ship to be returned to Japan. They didn't make it. The

ship was torpedoed and sank. There were four survivors.

Horu never had a single major assignment thereafter. Transferred from New Guinea back to Java, he spent the rest of the war in relative quite seclusion. At the end of hostilities, he was returned to Japan.

Horu Mitsuyama was never prosecuted. There were so many more important criminals to worry about. Retired from the army, he returned to the bosom of his loving family.

DUEL FOR A DRUNKEN WOMAN (Continued from page 12)

fat. You couldn't see a bone on her anywhere and that wasn't because any clothes covered her. She had a cute, saucy little face. She was about 18 and she'd never be more completely a woman, physically. She looked as though if you pinched her all that tautness would burst.

"Go get 'em, Sheila," Wagner's guttural voice ordered. "Show 'em what you showed me, upstairs. Make 'em crazy, kid. An extra fin if you give 'em a good show, first."

This Saturday night treat cost Wagner 50 bucks not counting any bonus. Nobody worried about him getting poor over it. He made way more than that peddling nude pictures and reefers and junk and candy and other contraband to us fish in one week. To say nothing of the couple hundred he made on the food allotment. He wasn't taking any chances, either. They said Wagner had a cousin on the vice squad and that took care of Mammy Lou and the girls. His uncle was a state senator and there was even talk of Wagner being distantly related to the governor. Nobody was going to bother him.

We watched the girl begin to do her stuff. She danced along the dimly lit cell block alley, the dull glow from the single bulb glistening on her white and gleaming red-head's skin. Not really danced. A sort of awkward stripper's strut. Sometimes she would stop and bump and grind a little in front of one of the cells. All along the block, arms were reaching out for her. Thick choked voices were telling her what they could do for her. Over it all, you could hear Wagner's guttural laugh.

I was suddenly surprised to feel something brush against me. I turned to find Kilroy standing there next to me, not leaning against the bars, but just standing there, casually looking out. Hope leaped in me. I said: "Give me a break, kid. Ask Wagner. He'll do it. He'd love to see you out there, especially if I whip you. Come on, Kilroy. I'll give you any loot I get mailed next week. We can fake the fight. I won't hurt you."

He didn't say anything. He didn't even look at me. I turned away from him again, hope sinking and watched the redhead. Wagner had

He married, raised a family and lived a comfortable life. In 1954, he died of a stroke.

Only the record remains—a record only recently uncovered. This record, consisting of Horu's personal report on his jungle march—plus his general's covering comments were added to by interviews with three of the men—all American—who survived the terrible trek.

And strangely, not one of them even knew Horu's name. ● ● ●

walked down to the middle of the cell block now and had grabbed her. He was hugging and kissing her, his hands all over her, while he looked over her head and grinned at us, knowing what this was doing to us, what it always did. Then he pulled away from her a little. He said:

"This one's a real hunk, boys. Like white satin, this skin. Who's goin' to be the lucky guys this week?"

The din that answered him was deafening. He waited until it subsided, after he raised the palm of his hands. His eyes roamed along the cell block as he tried to make up his mind. He opened his thick lips to speak when, beside me, I heard Kilroy's flat voice say: "Us, Wagner, how about givin' us a break for a change?"

THE super's little head jerked on his shoulders. "What?" he roared. "Who said that?"

"I did," Kilroy told him. "Me, Kilroy. What's the matter, you think I'm a fat impotent slob like you?"

The ones who understood, sniggered. Wagner's swinish little eyes looked as though they'd come out of his face. For a long moment he didn't speak. Then his bunch-up features seemed to relax. He showed a mouthful of incongruously tiny white teeth. "Hammond's in with you, isn't he?" Wagner asked.

I drew myself up as Wagner walked toward us, trying to make myself look bigger. I was a head and a half taller than Kilroy and 60 pounds heavier. But I wanted to make sure Wagner wouldn't have any doubt as to the result. I knew what he was thinking.

"All right," Wagner said, softly. "All right, Kilroy. If you're man enough to get it away from Hammond, you can have it."

Groans and violent oaths of disappointment sounded up and down the block as Wagner fumbled with the ring of keys attached to his gunbelt. I got so shaky with excitement as I watched him unlock the door, I could hardly stand. In that moment I would have died for Kilroy. I was making crazy, happy sounds in my throat. I didn't even bother me, when Wagner yanked the door open and said:

"If you don't beat the livin' day-lights outa him, you get The Hole, Hammond!"

He didn't have to worry. I'd been here in Hoke 84 days, already, looking at the pictures Vagner peddled. I had been forced to watch some other guys get the Saturday Night Treat, ten times already. I could see the redhead, standing a few feet away from Vagner and the way her flesh was all goose-bumped from the excitement and I was no longer anything human.

I went lurching out of the opened door of the cell. But I'd forgotten about Kilroy. He got his foot between mine and I went sprawling to the paved alley on my face. Vagner roared with laughter. I started to get up, a little groggy, started to look around for Kilroy, anger bursting in me, realizing suddenly that he hadn't done this for me but for himself. This redhead had finally broken him down. Then Kilroy kicked me flush under the chin. The cell block swirled.

When I scrambled to my feet, a moment later, Kilroy's gaunt figure was almost upon the girl and she was staring at him, vacantly, her rouged mouth gaping. Vagner howled blasphemy upon me and threats if I didn't stop Kilroy. The other fish all along the block were rooting both of us on, but most of them were for Kilroy. I started toward him. Then I saw a funny thing. I stopped.

Kilroy reached the little redhead, twisted around behind her and caught her hard and sharp across the side of the neck with the edge of his stiffened hand. As she went limp, he grabbed her naked body and kept it from falling, held it in front of him, crouched behind her. The whole cell block and Vagner, too, went dead quiet with amazement.

"Hammond," Kilroy said, his flat voice sounding low and sepulchral in the sudden silence. "Stay out of this. Don't stick your nose in. Just stay clear. I'm going out."

That got to Vagner. I watched him fumble out his big .45, set his short, heavy legs apart. "Drop her!" he told Kilroy "Drop her, fast, Hammond, get back in your coop."

I didn't move. I couldn't. I could only stare at Kilroy and know that he really was top-blown now, even if he hadn't been right along. He'd never get away with this. Even if he could get past Vagner, he'd never get through the gate guard. But he kept moving slowly, awkwardly, holding the redhead's limply unconscious figure in front of him, holding her around the waist and crouched himself behind the sag of her. Only his eyes and the top of his bald head showed to Vagner.

"Go ahead and shoot, Vagner," Kilroy said, gently. "That'll be nice. Right in front of 85 cons, you'll kill her, eh? What kind of a report will

you make out? Or maybe you're dumb enough to think you can hit me, instead."

The purple went out of Vagner's face and some of the blood, until he looked like a partially deflated balloon. His sweat began to shine in the dim light. "Quit this," he said. His voice seemed to change. "Cut it out right now and there'll be no punishment. I'll forget the whole thing. You hear me, Kilroy?"

Apparently Kilroy didn't. His kind of poppy eyes peered out at Vagner over the back of the girl's bent red head. He kept moving slowly toward Vagner. Vagner backed up two steps and edged sideways toward the gate at the end of the block, his eyes never leaving Kilroy's. He took another backward step then and Kilroy raised his voice the loudest I'd ever heard it. "Now's your chance, Little White Flower!" he screamed. Get him around the throat from behind!"

Vagner was four cells away from the albino but in that moment of panic he didn't realize it. He screamed hoarsely, lunged forward and twisted his head around to see behind him. That was when Kilroy pushed the unconscious girl ahead of him in a staggering run toward Vagner. When Vagner turned his head back, Kilroy and the girl were only a few feet away.

The sound of the shot made my ears ring for what seemed like hours. I could see Vagner's mouth working but couldn't hear what he was saying as he watched the ugly hole in the girl's round bare belly spout blood. Kilroy turned her loose and she pitched forward onto her head and knees to the floor and sprawled there, her thick red hair bushed out and covering her face.

The ringing in my ears broke just in time to hear Kilroy say calmly: "Maybe she isn't quite dead, Mr. Vagner. ■ she isn't, you'd better get busy right away."

That was ridiculous but Vagner was shaking all over and looking at the girl on the floor and at the big revolver still wisping smoke. In a state of shock, he moved stiff-legged toward the girl. He squatted down beside her, the .45 dangling from his right hand. Before he could turn the girl over, Kilroy stepped forward and brought his fist down on the little place between Vagner's shoulders and head, where fat was creased tightly. Vagner went forward on top of the girl.

I said "What the hell, Kilroy? Now there's going to be—"

DIDN'T finish. The words got stopped up in my throat as I watched Kilroy bend and take Vagner's thick, furry-backed hand, still holding the .45 and put the snout of the revolver against Vagner's right temple and holding his own finger over Vagner's, squeeze the trigger.

This shot didn't make so much

noise. It was muffled a little. Pieces of bone and meat with tufts of Vagner's short cropped black hair in them, splattered over Kilroy. He didn't seem to notice.

In cell six, The Little White Flower began to wail: "We'll all get in trouble for this, the crazy fool! We'll all get extra time, you damned imbecile, you! Why did you have to do this?"

"Shut up," Kilroy told him, quietly, and the albino did that. He even stopped whimpering, the calm softness of Kilroy's voice was such a shock to him "None of us will get into any trouble. Because none of us will know anything about this. You understand? We won't know nothing."

He paused. Nobody answered him. His bulging eyes moved up and down the cell block, then came to rest on me. Their flat expressionless gaze gave me a chill but I couldn't get my eyes away from him. He said in the same voice "Hammond's going to help me lug 'em both upstairs to Vagner's room behind the office. We'll leave 'em there, with the empty bottle. We'll come back and clean up the mess down here. You all understand?"

Nobody said anything. Kilroy jerked his head at me and I thought about what he had said and I couldn't see anything wrong with it, so I helped him. It took us about an hour. Then we went back into our own cell and slammed the door so the automatic lock took hold. Upstairs we'd talked briefly about making a break. But neither of us had too much time of the short county sentence to go and there would be little chance that we'd make it.

There was a lot of noise all along the block after we got back, a lot of questioning and answering back and forth, before they all quieted down. It was no use trying to get anything out of Kilroy. He was back in his shell. About dawn I was just dropping off to sleep, when I heard the sound of sobbing, so soft I wasn't even sure what it was for a moment. Then I looked over and saw Kilroy's bony shoulders moving and that he had his arm across his knees and his face on his arm. I got up and went over to him.

Stupidly, I said: "What's the matter?"

He lifted his face from his arm and the poppy eyes were bloodshot and blurred and his knobby face was a wreck. "The matter?" he whispered, chokingly. "She was my wife, you dumb bastard. ■ was Sheila."

He shoved me away from him so hard I fell back on my own bunk. I lay there and thought about it and why he wrecked cathouses and why he didn't have anything to do with Vagner's prosty's until tonight. And then I saw that Kilroy stopped crying. ■ ■ ■

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WHY CLAIMS ARE PAID FAST

Because you deal direct, your claims are processed fast. There are no adjusters or district offices for claims to pass through, which could result in loss of time... just when you need extra money the most, and fast. To file a claim, just notify us in writing and claim blanks are sent by return mail, with easy-to-fill instructions. Thus you can get fast action no matter where you live!

SPECIAL COVERAGES MAY BE ADDED

Your basic policy pays for hospital room, board and general care for covered sickness or accident. At small extra cost, you can add surgical or medical benefits, or maternity benefits to cover pregnancy or its complications, at home, in the doctor's office or in the hospital. Loss of Wages Benefits up to \$300 per month are also available at low cost. For information on each, check application blank below when sending your \$1.00 for our Special Offer.

OVER \$18,500,000 IN CLAIMS PAID

Since 1923, policyholders and beneficiaries have benefited from Service Life Insurance Company, domiciled in Nebraska as a legal reserve company, more than \$18,500,000 on all forms of coverages in all states have been paid.

FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY! Takes only a minute to complete for family protection! Do it now!

THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF OMAHA - Dept. C-20, 1904 FARNAM ST. OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

Gentlemen — I am enclosing \$1.00 in payment for two (2) months insurance and I hereby apply to The Service Life Insurance Company of Omaha, for a Family Hospitalization policy for myself and for my dependents, if any, whose names appear below.

Full Name of Applicant _____ Sex _____
Address _____ Date of Birth _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Occupation _____ Height _____ Weight _____

ONE POLICY MAY INCLUDE AS MANY AS ARE IN THE FAMILY (Applications for 1 person may be issued to adults only). (Please print full names of members whom you wish included in this policy)

	FIRST NAME - MIDDLE NAME - LAST NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	MO.	DAY	YR.	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	SEX
1.								
2.								
3.								
4.								
5.								

- Are you and all persons named herein now in good health and free from any physical defects or deformities ☐ the best of your knowledge?
- Have you or any other person named herein during the last five years had any medical or surgical advice or treatment or any other departure from good health? Yes ☐ No ☐
If the answer is yes, please give details _____

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payment of any benefits upon sickness, disease, or injury, arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application. I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it. Dated this _____ Day of _____ 19____

SIGNATURE

(Applicant) Head of the Family or Individual Applying Be Sure to Sign
WRITE—DO NOT PRINT

Please send information about your: Maternity Benefit Rider ☐
Surgical/Medical Expense Rider ☐ Loss of Wages Rider ☐

You Schedule the Orders while Your Servicemen Bring You \$19 an hour gross profit

Yes, that is your hourly gross profit from the work of only three servicemen . . . at "national-price-guide" rates. And this is much easier to do than you think. We show you how . . . step by step. Duraclean dealers find it is easy to gross \$6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus \$9 per hour on any service they themselves render. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes a clear net profit to you.

Start while Continuing Present Job We furnish all the equipment...and help finance you

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS . . . to become financially independent . . . have a fast growing income . . . and own a Nationally Advertised Business, now YOU CAN.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time. We hire up jobs for your servicemen to do. One small job a day brings a good starting income. As you add full or part-time servicemen, your income is limited only by your own effort. Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable . . . the electric

Footmover converts to a convenient carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

Own a Nationally Advertised Business

Your Services
Are Endorsed by
McCall's Magazine,
Amer. Research &
Testing Laboratories
and by
leading Carpet Mills
& Furniture Makers

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you step by step how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All our services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, schools, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the

superior merits of your services, builds your customer confidence and brings job leads to you.

We need a Duraclean dealer who will train you and assist you. We'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjusters, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year round agencies create constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . . before someone takes your location.

Start Small, Grow Big . . . in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That makes sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use tested, proven methods. You have our backing and "know how."

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the time to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) superior processes and (2) proven money-getting methods.

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superlatives. It is not only clean; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile dries with new life. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts out dirt grease and many unwhitely spots like magic.

Government figures show service businesses growing faster than industries and stores . . . \$750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. You have 3 other services.

Space here will not permit describing your other services but they are fully explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. You have six opportunities for profit on every job.

A few hundred dollars establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than takes care of the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners. We encourage this. You have 3 other services, and enough materials to return your TOTAL investment. If you have good hands and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in your life.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business.

You can decide for yourself whether the information we will send you whether to apply for a Duraclean dealership. Send us with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY.

The Duraclean Route to Success

in a dynamic business of your own

What it can mean to you

FREE BOOKLET tells how to Start Your Own Business

With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you. Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much bigger income.

Your loan should be taken tomorrow . . . so no call coupon today.

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION

What Dealers Say:

Langdon Lawson: National advertising is

top, results look . . . in September, northern

light, jobs totaled \$1475.

R. C. Black: Customer called a prominent

contractor. They said they could not clean

her badly soiled furniture . . . in contact the

"It came out just as I clean, I could".

Charles Randall: Business is growing.

Since as much as \$250 in one day.

D. Kern: Duraclean's proven best process and

the continuous help from headquarters are

a big jump on all equipment used.

George Byers: For University, my total billing

is \$2110. Total customer list

Gerald Weintraub: There is no limit on

the Duraclean advertised in magazines.

Edward Roy: A steady increase in

plain bill was \$190. All work was done by

in exactly 8 hours and 2 minutes.

John Hawk: I've never worked at anything

I enjoyed more than Duraclean.

W. C. Smith: Earned \$600 one

week. Service man for dealer C. Wood.

Furniture was filthy black. When

through I was amazed how clean.

John E. Faris: First 2 months I

grossed \$1100 part-time.

Loew Faris: I'm proud to be

independent at \$81. I've. I had

known about Duraclean earlier.

Earl Davis: Our sales increased

\$15,000 one year.

Ed. Kramsky: In 3 years, I now

have 100 assistants. A new home and

real security for my family.

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell. Dealerships sell at up to 10 times their dealer's cost. R.D.E. after 3 months, sold for \$2,000 above his cost. I.L. after 30 months, got \$7,110 more than he had paid. The value of your dealership and franchise grows monthly.

Mail this coupon TODAY It may put you in business

Duraclean Co., 4-101 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation, mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Make More Money Starting Soon

Learn Radio Television Electronics

BY PRACTICING AT HOME
IN YOUR SPARE TIME



**PRINT YOUR NAME
AND ADDRESS
HERE**

FROM

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

**FIRST CLASS
PERMIT
NO. 20-R
(Sec. 349, P.L. 86-1)
Washington, D.C.**

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
3939 Wisconsin Ave.
WASHINGTON 16, D.C.

Dept. 218-91

Fast Growing Field Offers YOU High Pay, Prestige, Bright Future

There are more job opportunities in Electronics than any other field. These are better than average jobs with bright future... jobs for which YOU could qualify through NRI training. Thousands of men like yourself most without a high school diploma—stepped up to good money in Radio and TV broadcasting, industrial Electronics or in businesses of their own.

Train With The Leader—Get Started Fast

Throughout the U.S. and Canada, successful NRI graduates are proof that it's practical to train at home. In your spare time, at your own pace. Keep your present job while training. For 45 years, NRI has featured the best Radio-TV Electronics training at low cost because it is the oldest and largest school of its kind. The NRI "learn-by-doing" method is the practical way to get into this exciting field quickly. Fill in, cut out and mail postage-free card.

Picture Yourself As One of These Successful NRI Graduates

 "After attending NRI, I am now a radio station manager with the National Broadcasting Company, New York City."
 "After attending NRI, I am now a radio station manager with the National Broadcasting Company, New York City."
 "After attending NRI, I am now a radio station manager with the National Broadcasting Company, New York City."

Send for

FREE

64-Page

Catalog



**CUT OUT AND MAIL
THIS POSTAGE-FREE CARD**

There's nothing like doing and doing. Along practice at home, learn the latest, easiest, faster and more interesting. When you learn with NRI you learn the best. You learn the best. You learn with your hands as well as your head. The equipment you build as part of your training is yours to use. You use it to do repair jobs. All NRI equipment is yours to keep, at no extra cost. And, if you want to learn more, you get the NRI 64-page training manual, plus and easy monthly terms. Mail postage-free card today.

Without Extra Charge NRI Sends You Equipment for Practical Experience

 "After attending NRI, I am now a radio station manager with the National Broadcasting Company, New York City."
 "After attending NRI, I am now a radio station manager with the National Broadcasting Company, New York City."
 "After attending NRI, I am now a radio station manager with the National Broadcasting Company, New York City."

Make Money in Spare Time Soon After You Enroll

Soon after you enroll, NRI shows you how to earn extra money in your spare time. You learn the best. You learn the best. You learn with your hands as well as your head. The equipment you build as part of your training is yours to use. You use it to do repair jobs. All NRI equipment is yours to keep, at no extra cost. And, if you want to learn more, you get the NRI 64-page training manual, plus and easy monthly terms. Mail postage-free card today.

